The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago September 6, 1924

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The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

FROM SHAME TO GLORY

MR. BRAND WHITLOCK recently called attention to one of the most moving tablets which have been erected since the war closed.

It is in an English prison where men were liberated to enlist in the army, and it reads as follows:

> To the men who went forth from this place and gave their lives in the Great War 1914-1918.
> "These are they that came out of great tribulation."

As close as that does glory lie to shame. Not always, but more often than we think, it is a question of opportunity.

Often also it is one bit of human confidence or help that is needed to change life from disaster to victory.

Those churches and prophets are everlastingly right who insist on the good in all of us, on bringing out the best by assuming the best, on persisting in the preaching and practise of friendship.

So transformed became those English convicts that the hand which penned the inscription could not bring itself to say "went forth from this prison." It almost went on to write "washed their robes and made them white."

* *

THE WOMAN WHO TOILS

HOW much do we know of the woman workers? Wage-earning women are not the only ones who labor. The woman whose day is spent in her own home on tasks for her own family only, may have long hours of fatiguing work. The conditions of her industry are unregulated and have been investigated to a comparatively limited extent.

But in regard to women in paid occupations we have a growing body of information. The Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor has summarized some of this in a bulletin: "Radio Talks on Women in Industry," 1924.

There are more than eight and a half million wage-earning women in the United States. Of 572 occupations listed in the census there were only thirty-five in which no women were employed. There are about 110,000 more women in manufacturing and mechanical industries now than in 1910. In the clothing industry and in knitting and silk mills there are nearly twice as many women as men.

In 1920 there were 1,920,281 married women gainfully employed. Taking one industrial town for study, the bureau found that about half the women bread-winners were married. There were more than 4,000 married women earning money in this one community. Nearly two-thirds of them were mothers who had children less than five years old. About half of these mothers of young children earned money by taking boarders or doing laundry or some other work which allowed them to look out for the children while they worked. But the other half went out to employment. One out of every five of these women was found working at night and caring for her children in the daytime, and another one out of five just left the children at home to see after each other. Sometimes the father had night work and looked out for the children in the day, while their mother was away, and sometimes the neighbors or the landlady or relatives kept an eye on them. Only one woman in twenty had some one paid to care for her young children while she was at her employment.

The bureau pictures the women working all day after they have washed and dressed their children and prepared their breakfasts and lunches, and coming home at night to the many tasks that await them, but says the mothers who work at night have an even more serious situation. Much of the day which should be spent in bed after a night in the factory, is occupied in the duties of the housewife and mother. Almost every one of the women interviewed cooked, cleaned and washed for her family, besides working for pay outside the home.

The bureau workers believe low wages to men and women are responsible in large part for the hard lot of these women.

The bureau calls attention to the monotony, noise, concentrated high-speed labor, long hours, fatigue, lack of comforts and convenience, some or all of which are involved in many of the kinds of work women do. It also points out that wage-earning women as a rule are not only supporting themselves entirely, but are also contributing to the support of others.

It outlines the working woman's needed budget: food, rent, clothing, carfare, laundry, recreation, doctor, dentist, oculist, vacation, insurance, savings, church, charity, self-improvement.

Suppose a woman gets $16.50 a week—the minimum wage in Washington, D. C., before the Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional—$9.30 is estimated for food and lodging, $4 for clothes, or $208 a year, $3.20 a week for carfare, laundry, doctor, dentist, oculist, amusements, vacation, savings, insurance, self-improvement, church, charity and incidentals. Is it too much? the bureau asks. Would you undertake to maintain health and efficiency on less while working? Do you recommend that the woman who works for wages be obliged to do her own washing and ironing too, make her own clothes, do without any recreation which costs money, dispense with a daily newspaper, and practise other similar economies as many of them are now forced to do? Yet of 6,000 women investigated in Georgia half made less than $12.95 during a week; of 8,000 in North Carolina half made less than $9.50; of 5,000 in Alabama half earned less than $8.80.

The bureau asks that we remember the force of public opinion, how years ago no one seemed to think it terrible that women should drag cars in a mine crawling on hands and knees harnessed like horses, how it was not unusual for children of five and six to sort coal in a mine ten hours a day or spend stunted lives in dusty cotton mills. Public opinion has stopped these things. Now the bureau pleads that we do not accept without question statements that wages are too high, but find out conditions and make our opinions for ourselves. Federal bureaus and state departments stand ready to furnish information on wages and conditions of labor for women in many sections.

E. W. D.

* *

THINGS SPIRITUAL

AGAIN the Church and the clergy are warned, this time by the American Federation of Labor, that they should confine their attention to "things spiritual" and let the material affairs of life alone. In other words, the preacher is to talk sweetly about the loveliness of love and the beauty of brotherhood, and make delightful word pictures of the mutual sympathy and helpfulness of angels in the holy city New Jerusalem. But if there is a strike in his town accompanied by violence, he must not say that it is wicked and cruel for strikers to slug non-strikers; and if there is a lock-out in his town he must not say that it is unchristian for employers to starve little children. In either case he would be dealing with things outside his province. Let him confine himself to things spiritual.

If the Interchurch World Movement had confined its attention to preaching to the heathen about the delights of heaven, it would be a living and prosperous organization to-day. But when it investigated and reported adversely upon the twelve-hour-day in the steel industry, the Steel Trust smashed it and it is dead. Let the Church confine its attention to things spiritual. Here are hundreds of mill-workers kept out of employment, children hungry, women desperate, men loafing, all because a dozen "loom-fixers" refuse to accept a scale of wages to which their fellow workers are ready to agree. Shall a clergyman dare say that it is selfish and wrong? Nay! Nay! To say so would bring down the wrath of organized labor upon his unspiritual head.

Let's have done with this nonsense. There is no sharp line that can be drawn between things spiritual and things material, between things religious and things political. It is the business of the Christian preacher to lay down principles of justice and righteousness and then apply them or make them so plain that his hearers will apply them. Anything less than that is a waste of breath.

F. O. H.

* *

A NEW EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

THE Rev. Guy Emery Shipler has been elected editor of the *Churchman*, a national journal of the Protestant Episcopal Church published in New York.

The late Dr. Wm. Austin Smith gave the *Churchman* a standing outside the denomination to which it belongs. Mr. Shipler, who was assistant to Dr. Smith, has been in charge of the paper as acting editor for the past two years, and has demonstrated his ability. The *Churchman* is broad, fair and interesting. With the assistance of a staff headed by Elizabeth McCracken, an unusually able woman journalist, the *Churchman* should forge ahead. A great number of people outside the Episcopal Church who loved and honored Wm. Austin Smith will hope and pray for the increasing usefulness of the journal to which he gave the last and best years of his life.

* *

DEGREES OF HONESTY

WE are accustomed to speak of actions of the "highest honesty," as if honesty had degrees. It remains for a London commercial firm to puncture this fallacy in a paid advertisement in the *London Times*. Selfridge and Co., Ltd., consider it worth their while to take half a column of the highest-priced advertising space for editorial comment daily, giving the opinion of this business house on matters of public interest. On degrees of honesty they say this:

> For honesty, to the sincere, has no degrees of quality. To the sincere there can be no action which is honest, but not quite so honest as another; or an action which, dishonest, is yet more honest than another. It seems to us that an action can always be definitely placed in one class or the other. Either it is entirely honest or it is entirely dishonest; and the motive of that action is the deciding factor.
>
> There may have been a time when even the sincere considered there could be such things as standards of honesty. When the peddler who welshed the breadth of his thumb in a yard was nevertheless a fine fellow, or when cloth could, to all intents and purposes at any rate, be termed pure wool. But those days are over, and over for good; no merchant worthy of the name will slide back to that state of mind, however hard circumstances may seem to push him in that direction.

The editorial is notable not only in its subject matter, the truth of which is incontestable, but in the fact that business is realizing more and more the absolute necessity of lifting moral standards.

The International Convention of Advertising

Clubs meeting in London took measures to enforce honesty in advertising. The time has passed when a firm can safely advertise a purchase of a million yards of cloth to be sold at a 75 per cent discount unless this statement is true. "All wool and a yard wide" have to mean that precisely.

The Church has some powerful allies.

* *

PARISH CALLING

THERE are two sides to parish calling. One is the side of friendship and joy of social intercourse; the other is the side of unreasonable demands of unreasonable people on their minister.

The number of people who contrive to stab the minister with remarks which indicate that they have been neglected and feel hurt is not inconsiderable. They harm the cause to which they belong. The sum total of the influence of a service is the sum total of the mental impacts made upon it by the people plus the minister. Something sweet and beautiful is frequently lost by thoughtless and inconsiderate words after service on this subject of pastoral calling.

Where the minister feels harried, driven, forced, he can't enjoy calling or render service in it.

Where it fits into its place with other important parts of his work, and where he can do it without feeling a lash driving him, he can be happy and render service in it.

It ought to be natural, spontaneous, and friendly —not an official thing.

It ought to be directed first of all to the places where something can be done for the sick, the afflicted, the troubled and worried. There are boys and girls to be advised about school. There are shut-ins to be put into touch with the outer world. There are discouraged people to be cheered. And generally these people give back to the caller as much as he gives them.

* *

LETTING GOD DO IT ALL

RECENTLY we heard a minister address a public meeting where he had a great opportunity. Three thousand people were assembled ready to be quickened and inspired. Instead, he hurled at them the sentences which we quote below, in a harsh, belligerent, voice in which there was not an iota of human sympathy. Toward the close of his address where he tried to be moving and related the story of a child, he was simply silly. We suppress his name because it seems to us that the most vicious kind of personal attack which could be made upon such a man would be to take down literally his words and print them with his name attached.

The one redeeming thing about it was the subject, which was a great one—"The All Sufficient Christ."

"The very fact," said he, "that Christ is God is proof of his all sufficiency."

"Men are trying to destroy the dear old Bible, trying to weaken it, but they will fail."

"The world is in much confusion. There is wandering away from the old faith once delivered to the saints."

"How pitiful it is that men have doubt."

"Men say to-day it is the life of Christ which saves us from sin. The Word says it is the blood of Christ.

"How the blood can do it can not be shown to us because of our great ignorance. But the old hymn is true, 'There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins.' "

"Remember the sin of Uzzah. He thought God could not get along without him and so God struck him dead. That is a warning for the world to-day."

" 'Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.' "

"A little child did something wrong and her mother said 'Go up and tell God about it.' So Susie went up stairs. By and by she came down and her mother said, 'Did you tell God about it.' 'Yes,' said Susie. 'And what did God say?' 'He said, Don't say anything about it, Miss Susie.' Children express the fundamental things of religion. When my boy was a little fellow he wanted to play the piano. So I took him on my lap with one of his fingers in each hand. I could play pretty well as long as he let me do it, but just as soon as he stiffened his fingers to try to do it himself, I couldn't play at all. God can make the music until we stiffen our fingers and try to play ourselves."

* *

GREAT TRUTHS MISUSED

NO saying among modern educators is more common than that "it is the personality of the teacher which counts."

Recently we heard a competent and devout teacher of youth say impatiently, "Too many say that as an excuse for laziness."

What she meant was that there are right ways and wrong ways of doing things, tested methods and exploded methods, a science of instruction gradually developed for human beings of all ages; that to learn about these methods takes time, courage, hard work; that some people will not give the time and fall back on the time-honored truth that after all personality counts for the most.

So it does. What we are speaks louder than what we say. Is that any reason why we should not try to say the things we have to say so that they go straight to the mark? Pupils read more from the character of a teacher than from a lesson leaf. Is that any reason why the lesson leaf should not be the most efficient possible for its purpose and the questions framed with care?

No; the very failure to prepare for a task indicates a lack in that personality upon which we depend. Where we think the children are reading interest and honor they may be reading slackness and laziness in us.

It is a great mistake in trying to get hold of boys and girls to depend alone on helps, materials, methods. It is a greater mistake to ignore them.

The consecrated personality equipped to the highest degree possible is none too good for the great business of preaching, teaching or, in fact, anything else worth doing at all.

Cruising in Convalescing Countries

XI My London Watch-Tower

John van Schaick, Jr.

SOMETIMES we are ushered into little narrow back rooms into which a ray of sunlight never enters, and sometimes into big, cold, stiff rooms one wants to get out of and forget, but once in a while one gets by chance a room with a magnificent view and which at the same time is comfortable to live in. Such is our happy lot for the longest stay of the trip—our three weeks in London.

We are in a modest little hotel recommended to us by an English gentleman, just off one of the main east and west arteries of London and near the British Museum. London is over-crowded on account of Wembley, the Power Congress, the Bar Associations, the Advertising Convention, and a few other things, but we fortunately wrote for a room last March. The one assigned us is on the sixth or top floor, at a corner, with a circular bay window in which are eight windows, each at least two feet wide. Our view embraces a circle larger than from the sunrise to the sunset. We look out from "the City" on the east past all Surrey and Sussex on the south to Camden Town in the northwest. The first night I could hardly make myself go to bed. As I write I see cities and villages, green hills and fields, all a part of London, off to the east, south and west. In the foreground are the most fascinating roofs, gables and chimney-pots imaginable. Rising up above surrounding buildings are thrilling things like St. Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, with "Big Ben," which we can hear strike, Westminster Abbey, the curving embankments of the Thames, St. Martin's in the Fields, where Harry Fosdick spoke three times this past week, the Nelson Column at Trafalgar Square, the Wellington Monument, the huge mass of Buckingham Palace, the whirling globe which we watch at night at Piccadilly Circus. If King George were leaning out of his window at night the way I do, and looking my way with the interest and intensity with which I look his way, we could wigwag friendly greetings with our electric lights. That is unless our respective wives put an end to the performance through fear we might fall out, a not untenable hypothesis.

The pigeons are friendly, and eat the bread we throw down on the church roof adjoining. The sun shines warm and the breeze blows cool, up in this watch-tower of mine. I can see the buses roaring up and down Oxford Street, the taxis dashing off toward Soho, and the carts and motors and bicycles and pedestrians moving everlastingly up and down, back and forth, in the great drama of London life. We have space and blue sky and great fleecy clouds, a rim of encircling hills far off, and the greatest city of the world to look down upon. Toward sunset last night, I saw something large and dazzling to the south. It was the sun on the Crystal Palace, across the river, making it shine like a monster heliograph.

A little later the full moon floated over it all.

If we went now we could be charged for only three days' room and board and we are here for three weeks.

There is no disguising the fact that I like London. It appeals to everything in me. In one sense it is bewildering. It is so large that one could not learn it in a lifetime.

Figures vary. Some say it has a population of five and one-half million. Others say "Greater London" takes in eight and one-half million. A few odd million make no difference to me. I have not time to meet them all anyway. But, although it is so enormous there are innumerable little quarters which seem familiar and homelike. We have lived there with Dickens and Thackeray, or we have visited them in other years. London views have hung on our walls at home. As children we sang "London bridge is falling down," and as grown-ups "Good-by Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square." Besides, these people speak our language and we have a common history.

We arrived on Thursday at eleven a. m. and by one an English friend, up from his home in Wales just for the day, had conducted us down Charing Cross Road where it seemed as if all the book stores in the world were assembled, across a little park in Soho and into Old Compton Street, where my friend went straight to an Italian restaurant unspoiled by tourists and typical of this part of London. Though we lingered to talk over "auld lang syne," by three we were underground, past the Post Office, past the Bank, down to Liverpool Street on the edge of the Whitechapel district. He made his way back to "the City," the little part of old business London which bears that name, and I found my way past hundreds of drays, around bales and boxes, crates and baskets, piled everywhere, to Toynbee Hall.

On another day I will tell about the American Seminar organized by Sherwood Eddy and Kirby Page, for which we came to London especially at this time.

Now I must stick to a few of these first impressions before they vanish. Among the most vivid were those made by these seventy American teachers, preachers, editors, and social workers assembled at Toynbee Hall, by Mallon, the warden of that historic place, and by Eddy himself. Just to walk through Brushfield Street with its markets, and down roaring Commercial Street, or over Aldgate, to get there, gives one another of the many different Londons which make up the mighty metropolis.

Yesterday at six a. m. I walked down to Covent Garden, the great market for fruit, flowers and vegetables. Tourists in big buses were already going by but not stopping. At this hour it is hard to push through the streets near the market, so congested are they with trucks, push-carts, wagons, and every other kind of vehicle which can take a load to market or carry one away. From all parts of London dealers come early to get their supplies. Boys carrying baskets on their heads took up all the room between the carts. Inside the various buildings there was more room but incessant activity. There are many people

busy at six a. m. Those who never take the trouble to get up so early miss an interesting spectacle. No elaborate flower show of Boston, Washington, or London presents a finer spectacle than Covent Garden Flower Market in the early morning before the smilax, roses, carnations, lilies and wild flowers are carried away by the wagonload. I didn't take notes and can't begin to tell what I saw, but the freshness, the fragrance, the infinite variety of form and color, the mass effects, are unforgettable.

Fruits and vegetables are much the same as in Boston, New York or Washington. Trade makes a League of Nations. Canada sent her apples, California grapefruit and oranges, the Canary Islands and West Indies bananas, to this market. Spain, Italy and France were represented. Probably there were Belgian and Dutch flowers and vegetables. I am sure there was Danish butter near by.

The Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, Lord Haldane, a nobleman in the first Labor Cabinet of Great Britain, yesterday received the American Seminar at the "New Palace of Westminster." Assembling at the statue of Richard the Lion-hearted, the seventy of us were conducted to the Peers' Robing Room, not usually shown, where Lord Haldane addressed us.

He is only sixty-eight years of age, but deaf, and his face looks older. His old mother is still alive at the age of ninety-four, and says of this famous statesman, "He is a good boy but somewhat opinionated."

The day before our visit an unprecedented thing happened at Westminster. The King and Queen came down to Old Westminster Hall, the historic entrance hall to the Houses of Parliament, where Lord Haldane, as Lord Chancellor, received them and presented them to members of the House of Lords, House of Commons and Overseas Parliaments, all making up a new association called the "Empire Parliamentary Association." It was described as a most interesting and friendly meeting of the Sovereign and the Dominion Lawmakers. Nearly all the overseas legislators were presented to their Majesties and at the tea table little Ishbel MacDonald and her father sat one on each side of the Queen. There surely are surprises in this life for both our little Ishbels and our Queens.

We saw that great hall later in the morning—the banqueting hall of William Rufus, the place of lying in state of kings and statesmen, and where the court sat which condemned King Charles to death for treason to his people and the realm.

Perhaps because Friday had presented such a historic spectacle, Saturday found Lord Haldane so interested to talk about the ancient building where we met him and the ancient Constitution of which he is the foremost guardian. "Great Britain changing continually the substance to meet new needs and hanging on to ancient forms"—this was the underlying theme of a remarkably interesting address. Giving high praise to the American Constitution, he added, "The British Constitution has this advantage: You can do anything you like. You can pass from upper class rule, to middle class rule, to a pure democracy, without difficulty."

He went on to say that democracy was related to the welfare of the nation as a whole, that it depends on education, that an enlightened people at once tends to become a democracy, and that the object of it is not equality, nature has taken care of that, but to give every one a chance to make the best of what he has.

"I don't dread in the slightest degree," he added, "Bolshevism or Communism. Let it alone, give it free speech, and you will find that your democracy, like ours, will give it the go-by." He closed by recommending that we read two books by Miss Mary Parker Follett, "The New State," and one just published, "Creative Experience."

Then from the House of Lords to the House of Commons, stopping to see the "Division Galleries" where members vote, through other historic rooms, and finally into the Great Hall of Westminster we passed under the guidance of the Superintendent of the Building, to whom Lord Haldane turned us over. We were not invited to luncheon on the famous terrace overlooking the Thames where members entertain at tea, but luckily we had a little terrace of our own alongside. A year ago, for some inexplicable reason, I was invited to join the Authors' Club of London. The rooms are in the Whitehall Building and the club combines with the Chemical, the Engineering, the West Indian, the Golfers, the United Sports and other clubs to maintain comfortable rooms where members similarly situated may meet the ladies of their families, to rest, visit, lunch or dine. Some people whom I know denounce clubs as snobbish and exclusive, but if this is so, then home is snobbish and exclusive. Clubs are little spots like home. Here, for example, was our square foot of soil on Britain. Here was our chance to get closer to another people. It is a foolish man who neglects a chance to get acquainted with Toynbee Hall and the East End of London, and just as foolish a man who neglects a chance to get the mind and the heart of the West End. Both peer and docker, clubman and settlement worker, have something to teach one another. And it is sheer stupidity to talk about "democracy" and "understanding" and shut ourselves up in any shell, whether it is labeled "country," "club," "trade union" or "church."

So we had our rice and chicken, our stewed cherries and custard, at the club. We went out to the terrace for coffee and for full and satisfying views of what we had been getting charming little glimpses of all through luncheon. Among the pink geraniums in urns and boxes, close to the inscrutable gray parrot with the red tail, we sipped our coffee, rejoiced in sun and breeze, and watched the sweep of things mechanical and human up and down the river and embankment.

Then last night, to cap the climax, we drove down to Soho, dined in a little restaurant with two dear friends, a former Captain in the British Army and his wife, and went off to the St. James Theater to see George Arliss in "The Green Goddess." I supposed that I no longer cared for theaters—I have suffersed so much at them. But here in comfortable seats, with perfect ventilation, seeing a thrilling play which took us back to India, I lost myself, and like a little boy forgot it was play and thought it all actually happening. "The Raja of Rookh," the main char-

acter in "The Green Goddess," in years to come will rise up among my London memories.

To-day in contrast we have been to services in St. Paul's Cathedral and to the City Temple, where Joseph Fort Newton held sway during the hard years of the war.

All I could hear at St. Paul's of the Old Testament lesson from Samuel was "the Lord said" and "behold," and all I got of the New Testament lesson from Mark was "Jesus said unto them" and "Jesus sent them two by two," but as I sat directly under the dome of Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece it was quite enough to think about. In fact "behold" was injunction enough. As for sermon—it is lost usually in such a place.

Over on Holborn Viaduct it was different. We heard everything. The Rev. Lynn Harold Hough, D. D., of Detroit was preaching, and the sermon was worth hearing. It was on the conflict of two great authorities, the past and present. Without the past we can't have discipline and self-control, but its dead hand must not control us. Without the future we can not have hope. Dr. Hough is here for three or four Sundays while Dr. F. W. Norwood is in the United States.

Dr. Norwood has made a great success of his work at City Temple, but has had several serious illnesses recently.

Coming out we stopped for a pamphlet and were cordially greeted by an official of the church, who proved to be Mr. F. Goodrich, and who shook hands all over again when he found we were friends of Dr. Joseph Fort Newton. "He was one of the best friends I ever had," said Mr. Goodrich warmly. "If ever there was a saint he was one. If I had to lose faith in him it would do more to shake my faith in everything than anything else I know."

A man must be both proud and humble who can win a tribute like that.

London, July 13, 1924.

Another Boil Appears

Elbert W. Whippen

WHETHER the World War is the result or the cause of the bad blood circulating the arteries of our American life, the pathological condition is in evidence. Again and again some skin eruption appears which is striking evidence of the underlying sickness of the organic life. One such boil appeared upon our surface life at the time of the war itself, when the entire German nation was indicted as a people worse than degenerate. This boil finally came to a head and burst, and left us with the realization that the German people are in essentials pretty much like ourselves. Another boil appeared in violent eruption after that revolution in Russia which inaugurated a new political state, the most objectionable phase of which to the heads of government was the new economic policy. And gradually this boil came to a head, burst, and scattered its obnoxious contents over the surface of our society. Such boils as these have been naturally accompanied by smaller disturbances which have evidenced a true condition of bad blood in the nation we regard as great and sacred.

And now, when these other major boils show some encouraging signs of healing, lo and behold! in another place upon the skin of the nation appears another boil, not so great as the other two major eruptions, but nevertheless of a good deal of significance in this year of political events.

The Ku Klux Klan had not appeared to the writer of great significance until within the last year. Then it has appeared as a factor of no mean importance. A cursory review of its record suggests its scope. A writer in the *World To-morrow* (March, 1924, p. 73) affirms: "The Klan dominates Texas; it dominates Oklahoma; it is powerful in Kansas and Missouri; it is powerful in Illinois. It is powerful in Ohio; it is powerful in Western and Eastern Pennsylvania, although not in the central section. Its membership in New Jersey is greater in proportion to the population than in any other state, perhaps. It is negligible in New York, but strong in Connecticut." The writer concludes his article by saying: "The Klan to-day numbers no more than 1,800,000 members, but they are shock troops, make no mistake about it."

At the recent national convention of the Y. P. C. U. at Ferry Beach, it was apparent that the young people of our Church have many of them been caught up on the wave of this new hysteria. I was unfortunately unable to remain until the resolution relating to the Klan idea came up for debate, but I saw enough of the emotional set of certain of the young leaders to guess what did happen when the test came. Unquestionably many of our youth feel that the Klan is to save America.

On August 4, the little town of Kingston, N. H., appeared in glaring headlines upon the front page of the *Boston American* as a prospective meeting-place for the Klan on the following evening. The meeting was not held then, but was carried on a week later. I attended this semi-secret meeting. The number present from this little town, attending a meeting which had only two hours' notice by word of mouth, attested the interest that this subject arouses in the minds of people to-day. I venture to guess that the interest here is chiefly curiosity, and that no large result will accrue to the Invisible Order.

The Ku Klux Klan, according to the address of the speaker at the meeting which I attended, and attested also by the statements of the Klansman's Creed and the Oath, is an organization purporting to serve the highest interests of Americanism. In many essentials the address sounded like an address delivered by Channing Cox, now Governor of Massachusetts, in Wollaston at the time when it was felt by many that the Reds were about to stroll up Pennsylvania Avenue and capture the Capitol. It was similar to the patriotic speeches which we hear often on Fourth of July or at the dedication of some war memorial. This address to which I refer was so well phrased and delivered with such sincerity by a minister from Ports-

mouth that when he had finished and asked all who agreed with him to rise, the entire company rose to its feet.

Herein is the danger of this organization. It so appeals to the hatreds of men, and at the same time emphasizes those general principles which are the clap-trap of popular orations, that it subtly induces men to enroll themselves in it. Like all organizations it has some good purposes. Unlike many perfunctory social organizations, it has a dangerous internal purpose.

The Klan is built upon fear that the native-born white Protestants are to be ground beneath the heels of the Roman Church, the negroes, the Jews, and the aliens. Varying as to locality, the Klan serves as an inciter against whomsoever is feared. Here the venom is vented against the Catholics, and a mysterious and half-plausible story is concocted to the effect that Rome is to take possession of the United States in—I believe it is the year 1925.

The conceit of the Klan is expressed in the statement that this is a "Christian nation"—the inference being made plain that it is Protestant Christianity which is meant. This excludes every one except the negroes. They are summarily dismissed with the affirmation that they are a race of brutes and that the thing they all think of more than of anything else is the raping of white women. This statement was made by the clergyman speaking here.

A further statement of the circumstance of the Klan ought to be added. It has been given interest here because of the fact that it has been threatened by hoodlums in opposition. It is unfortunate that those in leadership of the Catholics of this neighborhood have not been able to entirely withhold opposition. Were it not for the excitement afforded by the chance for a fight it is doubtful whether this organization would have much more attention here than does the Junior Order of United American Mechanics or the American Protective Society.

The fact that this organization has such great political power that it can disrupt one of the great political conventions, have an influence upon a major political campaign, and even threaten to elect Senators and Congressmen; the fact that our young people are gripped by it and led to rally in its behalf in convention; the fact that it is worming its way into great numbers of our rural communities as well as in the urban districts; the fact that it claims 12,000,000 and more membership, of which 75,000 are said to be ministers; the fact that it is purporting to establish a moral and social basis of American life—these facts suggest to me the need of a definite stand by those who desire to be leaders of thought. This is not because I fear that this boil is likely to be of long endurance, but because it is painful even for a little while, because it is hateful as an expression of Americanism or of Christianity, because it is another symptom of the bad blood which I would see purified in our national life.

The best way I can see to deal with the problem is to meet it squarely:

1. This nation is to not be regarded as a "Christian nation." I wish it were a Christian nation, but I repudiate any thought that it is necessary for people to be in any formal way attached to the Christian Church in order that they may be good Americans. The arrogance of many nominal Christians has always annoyed me. When I hear a brother minister say with suave assurance "We Christians" I feel my disgust crowding to the surface. And when I see a group of people who do not twice a year enter a Protestant church, shouting and applauding when a stump orator cries down non-Protestants, my disgust is submerged in amusement. After all, will not our fundamental sense of justice and our Yankee sense of humor lead us to repudiate in the South and West as in good old New England this unwholesome order? The basic premise upon which the order is founded is subtly but essentially un-American.

2. The belief that Jew or negro or alien is to take possession of America is as chimerical as was the fear that Communism would take it by force. It is true that the newer race groups, including the negro, are likely to have a rising influence upon American life, that they are likely to change the complexion of America in the next century. But it will be a gradual transformation due to the fact that these people will work harder, sacrifice more, rear more children, and take life more seriously, than will many of us of the dominant races—we who expect the others to be our vassals and slaves. If the purpose of this new order were to encourage a more earnest and wholesome effort on the part of the dominant group to preserve the natural resources for the people and to produce for the benefit of the masses, the consequent result would be far more wholesome.

3. The fear that the Catholic Church is to take possession of America is another myth to be added to the mythology of the ages. This supposition presupposes that the Catholic group in America is controlled in every sense as it is in an ecclesiatical sense by the Pope at Rome. It ignores the fact that the Church has a tremendously difficult task to hold even the religious allegiance of its people, and that it has had to give in again and again in its economic conservatism in order to play into the hands of people whom it is supposed to rule.

4. The experience of ages has proved beyond reasonable dispute that the way to fight evil is in open combat. If our devout Protestant people wish to fight any evils in local communities, in state legislatures, in the national life, let them do it in the open.

It is only too obvious that there is room for much labor in behalf of a better condition of affairs, a condition in which representative government will have a fitting trial, and in which the experiment of a heterogeneous democracy will have its full opportunity for the exercise of its powers. I would be one of the first to urge all men, especially the young, to be jealous of any infringements of rights.

But let us who have had perhaps the better opportunity in this democracy thus far, prove to those who have come to us from different environments or from different cultures that we can openly, democratically, create a society of free men and women. Let secret societies be relegated to the petty tasks of promoting social intercourse or administering sick or poor relief. Let the social, the economic, and the political affairs of a great nation be administered in the open,

with the light of day penetrating each and every act and judgment.

With all due respect to those who sincerely have rallied to the defense of this Ku Klux Klan, eager as they have been to serve the highest interests of America, I affirm with sincerity that it is a blight, a boil, upon the surface of our American life. I hope sincerely that few if any of our ministers and people have been inducted into its ranks. I trust that through the organized body of our Church, through the *Leader*, and through the local ministry, the people of the nation will come to understand that we regard the movement as the act of a depraved Protestant group in no real way representing the highest aspirations of Christ and in no sense symbolizing the best spirit of America.

Russia Is Discussed at the Institute

Dorothy Hall

THIS week the Institute has devoted itself largely to a discussion of conditions in Russia. There has been an open conference on the subject conducted by Boris Bakhmeteff, ambassador to the United States under the Kerensky government, and Professor Fay's round-table on "Political Factors in Europe To-day" has fought stubbornly over the same ground for three sessions. In both conference and round-table there have been speakers representing every sort of viewpoint and opinion, and the result has been rather bewildering. Although Mr. Bakhmeteff has expressed his regret that his conference developed such a controversial tone, those of us who merely listened have been intensely interested and often amused by the combat.

In opening the conference Dr. Bakhmeteff said that in his opinion the most conspicuous recent development in Russia has been a decided swing to the left since the middle of 1923. The concessions to capitalism made in the economic policy of last year, which led many people to suppose that the Communistic *regime* was growing more moderate, have been overruled and there has been a revival of orthodox Communism. This change of policy has been actuated by the fact that capitalistic institutions have been succeeding here and there in spite of the Communistic government, and that a great proportion of retail trade had somehow got into private hands. The government was severely criticized for betraying Communist purity, and has tried again to tighten the reins on these capitalistic forces.

At the next session John Spargo, former Socialist and radical and present bitter opponent of the aims and methods of the Third International, spoke at length concerning the policies of the Soviet government. He declared that, as the Russian debt was so large that it could not possibly be paid, and as the Russian government was already desperately in need of new loans, the only possible course was for Russia to withdraw her repudiation of foreign debts, acknowledge them and arrange for their liquidation according to a scale determined by her capacity to pay. The Soviet statesmen, however, have refused to face the issue and until they do they must forfeit the confidence of the world. Mr. Spargo then referred to the denunciation of the Dawes Plan by the Third International for the reason that it would contribute to the stability of the present European civilization. "In no spirit of narrow partisanship," he went on passionately, "but taking my stand upon the broad ground of humanity, I assert that attempt to defeat the Dawes Report to be a crime against civilization greater than the crime of bringing about the great war itself. Great as is the crime of the Power that deliberately brings about war, greater still is the crime of deliberately striving to prevent the making of peace after a war of such magnitude and disastrous strains upon civilization. I think of Europe stricken, the elements of civilization almost extinguished by the most frightful disaster of history. Weak and almost irretrievably ruined, the hope of new life comes to revive it. In that moment, malevolent genius determines to apply the torch of revolution. No crime in the history of modern civilization surpasses that."

Meanwhile in the round-table we were taking up Bolshevism as a factor in international relations, and trying to discover the extent to which Bolshevik propaganda is a menace to the existing governments in other countries to-day. Dr. Bonn, the German economist who is giving a series of evening lectures, gave a brief account of Bolshevism as it has manifested itself in Germany. The Germans are not good soil for Bolshevik propaganda, in his opinion, because the real ideal of the German people is order. They haven't the revolutionary impetus which the French and the Italians have. This in itself has caused international misunderstanding, "for," said Dr. Bonn, "the French are convinced that if you don't carry out a revolution the way they carried out theirs it is not the proper article—an orderly revolution is incomprehensible to them."

Bavaria, the district in Germany where Bolshevism did get a footing, is the land of the peasant, and the peasant, according to Dr. Bonn, was indignant because the government took his cows. "The German peasant," he explained, "is ready to send his son to the front if he has to, but he sees red if anybody touches his cow!"

The principal adjutator of Communism in Germany, however, insists Dr. Bonn, has not been Lenin but Poincare. The occupation of the Ruhr, which the German people felt was a breach of the treaty, has given Bolshevik propaganda a wonderful opportunity, and "it must be remembered that it doesn't make the slightest difference whether a thing is right or wrong as far as adjutation goes. It is very easy to say to people who are in the right frame of mind, If we are going to be ruined anyway why should we maintain the capitalistic system for the benefit of Europe?" If the Communists in Germany had produced a leader as great as Lenin, who, in Dr. Bonn's view, is "the only first-rate man the war has produced, because he was the only man who knew

exactly what he wanted and didn't care a bit how much he had to pay for it," the Communist cause could have succeeded there. But if the German people can now be allowed to go back to work with the hope of getting something out of it there will not be much danger. It behooves Europe to remember that the Bolshevik revolution in Hungary was simply brought about by national despair, and that Bolshevism everywhere gets its greatest support from outraged national feeling. If the Allies had not helped Denikin to invade Russia the Bolsheviki would never have been so successful.

Accounts of Bolshevik activities in various European countries were given by specially qualified members of the round-table. Mr. Kralicek told of the measures taken in Czecho-slovakia to circumvent Communist propaganda; Mr. Panaretoff, the Bulgarian Minister, described the dangers of the situation in the Balkans; and Mr. Piipe, the Minister from Esthonia, presented the difficulties which the new Baltic republics have to face. Mr. Piipe, it seems, should be referred to as an Esth, though why, when no one from America is ever referred to as an Am, I fail to comprehend.

In the midst of a rather heated discussion of Bolshevik policy Judge Anderson of Boston propounded two very sober questions, which he recommended for the consideration of those who were discussing property rights and "recognition" in loose terminology. He asked that we stop to consider just what we mean by property rights, reminding us that "the laws of all countries defining property rights are limited, precarious, uncertain and often unjust." Then he also called attention to the fact that not very long ago recognition of a country was bound up with the legitimacy of the ruling dynasty. American policy from the beginning has been to recognize a *de facto* government, although we have been known to require that that government should be based on something more than the successful murder of the preceding ruler. He suggested that in our attitude toward Russia we appear to have gone back to the old theory of legitimacy, but a legitimacy which is economic instead of dynastic.

Several members of the American Relief Association recently returned from Russia spoke in the open conference. The picture they presented was a far more optimistic one than that given by any of the previous speakers and in some respects contradictory. Indeed, Mr. Arthur Ruhl, journalist and author, who was the first of the A. R. A. men to speak, accused Mr. Spargo of getting lost in a fog of words and leaving common sense behind. The result of the outlawing of Russia, he maintained, was that we have heard of Russia lately only in terms of political theory, and he would attempt to inject a note of reality into the discussion by describing simple everyday scenes and incidents in Moscow. This he proceeded to do with great charm, and closed by saying that he would not attempt to argue the question of recognition, although he could see little basis for the arguments against it, but that he was convinced of the pressing need for it. So far as trade was concerned it would make little difference, but "every sensible American must agree on the desirability and need for more contact with the Russian people, and that, under present conditions, implies some sort of frank and open contact with the Russian government, whether through a trade mission, a commissioner such as we had in the Baltic states, or merely one of our famous unofficial observers."

Colonel Haskell, chief of the A. R. A., followed, touching on more specific issues. He asked his hearers to bear in mind the terrific dread of a counter-revolution felt by the existing *regime* in Russia, and that a great part of the religious persecution is due to the realization of the government that the Greek Catholic Church is an organized institution which is bound to be in opposition to Bolshevism. Many of the priests killed were political offenders. Furthermore, a great part of what we hear about Russia comes from people who would stand to gain by the overthrow of the present *regime*. Colonel Haskell was very insistent that he had found conditions in Russia far less chaotic than they were generally painted. He declared that he would trust himself quicker on the streets of Moscow at two a. m. than in New York.

He said further, referring to the charge that there is discrimination between Communists and non-Communists, that of course it was true that they gave the faithful the jobs—Tammany Hall was known to do likewise. The Russians are often criticized because they exported wheat at the time that the A. R. A. were feeding their starving people. Colonel Haskell said he had protested against this export, and that he had been convinced that it was an absolute necessity. If the government could have had a loan they would not have done it, but there was an irreducible minimum of government expenses which had to be met and they had to get hold of the money somehow. As for the Russian debt, Colonel Haskell reminded his hearers, there was a charge to offset it. The Allies had backed the wrong horse when they lent aid to the White armies against the Reds, and Russia would claim reparation on this score if she ever came to the point of settling her own debts. The Russians had gone through an exhausting war, they had had revolution and counter-revolution, an extra famine to struggle through, they were commercially isolated, their currency was debased, they were beset with epidemics and industrial paralysis. We must take all this into consideration when we try to understand their frame of mind.

In closing Colonel Haskell urged some sort of conference between the United States and the Soviet Government for the purpose of reaching an agreement as to the basis for recognition. He suggested the conditions laid down by President Coolidge in his message to Congress as the irreducible minimum which the United States would impose—Russia must acknowledge her debts, she must reimburse our nationals for property confiscated, and she must cease iniquitous propaganda in this country. "Every bit of information that I have," he declared, "leads me to believe that a conference of this nature would be a success, that the debts would be acknowledged and arrangements made for long term voluntary payments, that reimbursements or compensation in other forms would be arranged for our nationals who have lost property in Russia, and that any propaganda which does actually exist would be discontinued."

Mr. Wilbur Thomas of the Quaker Relief main-

tained that the religious situation has generally been misrepresented. When the Bolshevists collected the sacred bones and relics from the churches (and they got hold of enough bones of Saint James to make two hundred men, he asserted) they were accused of persecution. The object from the beginning has been separation of Church and State, and Church and School, and the government has been leaning over backwards in its efforts to make this separation complete. Of course innocent people have suffered, but they always do in a revolution. It is an inevitable consequence of the phenomenon. To show how persecution has lessened recently he exhibited the first issue of a magazine called *Christian* which he said was being printed with the permission of the government. He asserted, moreover, that there had been no interference with the preaching of the Baptists and the Mennonites. At present, nobody was allowed to conduct a Sunday school, but he felt assured that these schools would be allowed as soon as the government could be assured they would not be used to carry on treasonable activities. Recently three training schools for Greek Catholic priests had been established. The famous slogan, "Religion is the opiate of the people," he took to mean that Christianity in Russia had so far proved to be no better than an opiate, and he considered this a challenge to the Christianity of the world.

At the next session John Spargo, who had listened in dangerous silence to all those who had spoken in behalf of Russia, rose to his feet with denunciation on his lips. He recalled the opposition of the Third International to the Dawes Report, he reminded the conference that in 1920 the International had called for a holy war against the British Empire, and he asked to know why the Bolshevik government, which we had been told could not afford to buy lead pencils to equip the children in its schools, could spend millions spreading revolt in Afghanistan and Persia. The present government of Russia was more despotic that Czarism ever thought of being. Children were expelled from school because they would not formally admit that they were atheists. He finished amid considerable applause and was followed by Sir Bernard Pares, a haggard and cadaverous but oddly fascinating English scholar who has spent most of his life in Russia, and who called attention to the fact that the Bolshevik government has admitted having killed over one hundred bishops and over a thousand priests, and that nobody was allowed under pain of death to teach the Christian religion to children under eighteen.

The next morning Father Walsh gave the most compact and convincing description of Russian conditions that we had listened to. He is a regent of the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University, and has recently returned from Russia. "Considering what the Russian people suffered under the Czar," he began, "it is not surprising that, once in the saddle, they struck out blindly and unjustly at the whole fabric of society." Then he went on to point out certain elements in the international situation created by the Bolshevik attitude. We have in Russia a country requesting admission into organized society and at the same time refusing to recognize any of the sanctions of that society. The new Soviet constitution of 1923 established a union of the Soviet republics of the world, which all nations were invited to join. This aims toward a Soviet world state, the capital of which shall be Moscow. The United States is asked to recognize, not Russia, but an idea, a new political science which is diametrically and militantly opposed to our own Constitution. This is fantastic of course, but governments must accept at their face value the pronouncements of sovereign states. Father Walsh elaborated this point by listing the particular respects in which the Soviet constitution would be in opposition to our own customs, laws and institutions.

As an example of how difficult it is to depend upon any one says about conditions in Russia he cited the visit of Congressman Frear and Senator King to Moscow and their subsequent reports in the Congress of the United States. When these two men visitep Father Walsh and asked him whether there were any Roman Catholic priests in prison in Russia he gave them the names of twenty-two. Later on, upon their return to America, Mr. Fraer reported in Congress that there were no clerics in prison, whereas Senator King stated that there were a number of Catholic priests in prison and described his visits to several of them. "Either Mr. Frear or Senator King is lying," said Father Walsh, holding up the *Congressional Record* containing the reports, and then added briefly and to the point, "Senator King is not lying."

There have been so many speakers on the Russian question and they have differed so drastically that members of the Institute who did not have some definite opinion of their own to cling to in the matter have found themselves rather lost in the melee. There is a rumor that the A. R. A. men gave as optimistic a view as possible because they considered that the opposition to Russia was being over-stressed at the conferences and they wanted to balance things up. I can't help wondering how many years it will be before there will be an accredited representative of the Soviet government to add to the confusion by presenting his side of the case at the Institute.

The only admiral excitement this week was at one session of the financial conference when Admiral Rogers was called upon to give a paper on the share taken by international ocean carriage in the industrial development of the world. "The limitation of arms treaty of three years ago," he asserted, "played into England's hands. Indeed she originated it. It was the competition of our merchant fleet which she hoped to limit by direct action on our navy. Among the great Powers of the League of Nations it is England which dominates the League and the world by the economic power of her merchant fleet protected by an adequate navy. The economic instrument of the League, the international boycott, is a weapon wielded by the British Empire's merchant shipping. England is the spokesman of the League as to economic war or peace. If the United States now joins the League, it will serve to increase the economic power of Great Britain exerted through the League, and hence England's tears at our refusal to join."

During the Admiral's speech Sir Arthur Salter, the principal British speaker at the Institute, had listened with utter amazement depicted on his face,

and at the end he rose with alacrity and delivered one of the most graceful speeches of rebuttal I have ever listened to.

"I have in recent days recognized my own ignorance," he said modestly, "but never have I been made so aware of the abysmal depths of my ignorance as during the speech which I have just heard. I can assure you, upon my honor, that in my connection with British government, as head of the British shipping board during the war, in the intimate relations I have had with practically all the leading British shippers for many years, and also fairly close connection with English finance, I have never, in the most intimate private conversation, heard a whisper of the kind of far-sighted, long-directed, carefully-worked-out policy of which I have heard this morning. Even if I may not say that we are not quite as wicked as you think we are, I am quite sure that we are very much stupider!"

The audience was highly delighted with Sir Arthur's "come-back," and even the Admiral joined in the laughter and applause.

The French speaker at this session of the Institute has been Monsieur Louis Aubert, former editor-in-chief of the *Revue de Paris*, who has given a series of addresses on "The Reconstruction of Europe: Its Economic and Political Conditions—Their Relative Importance." He has stressed the point of view of the nationalist as against that of the economist, maintaining that an attempt to reconstruct the map of Europe on an economic basis, drawing boundary lines where most expedient from a materialistic standpoint, is sure to fail. The people of Europe have had their national spirit intensified by the war, and race, language and mutual customs mean much more to them than economic benefit. Political factors are the most important in the present reconstruction, and must be taken into consideration if disaster is not to follow.

The German speaker, Moritz J. Bonn, has been one of the most popular celebrities at the Institute, and has been called upon continually in the open conferences and at various round-tables to present the German point of view. He is a slight, well-knit figure with a sad face and quizzical smile, and he speaks with a sort of subtle irony which drives his point home more forcefully than any amount of emphasis could do. Under the general subject of "The Crisis of European Democracy" he has described the psychology of those Central European peoples, unused to democratic government, confused by the results of the war, discouraged and embittered, who have been struggling against great odds to keep the world going and civilization intact. In his last lecture he spoke of the breakup into small parties in Germany and the parliamentary deadlock, a condition in which "the nation was dissolved into economic fragments fighting each other bitterly in a purposeless economic struggle," and the consequent longing for a leader who could relieve the situation. "In the misery of their hearts, in the hopelessness of their situation, they prayed that such a leader might rise. Mussolini grasped the power in Italy, infusing new life into these abstract yearnings. His example showed that it was possible for a man to rise from the people and who ruled the people without their consent, but for the common good. And all over Central Europe there arose a prayer for the creation of a dictatorship, for the advent of a great leader, for a man who, if he could not lead his people from the bondage of the Egyptians, as Moses had done in the days gone by, would at least pull down the pillars and bring down the temple on the heads of the Philistines."

Williamstown, Aug. 23.

Our Prayers Together

Conducted by A. Gertrude Earle

Saturday, September 13

And he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die. —I *Kings* 19 : 4.

O God, we praise Thee that, though faith and love both fail, Thou makest hope to spring eternal in the human breast. Save us, we pray Thee, from the deadly sin of despair. We thank Thee that when we lie down and desire that Thou shouldst take away our life, there comes to us the longing to see at least another day, watch one more springtime, wait one more year. And when we lose all faith and sense of guidance and blunder blindly on, an unseen hand guides every step and leads us as though we still believed in Thee.

Sunday, September 14

Fear thou not: for I am with thee: be not dismayed for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.—*Isaiah* 41:10.

O Father, who hast ordained that we be set within a scheme of circumstance, and that in stern conflict we should find our strength and triumph over all: withhold not from us the courage by which alone we can conquer. Still our tongues of their weak complainings, steel our hearts against all fear, and in joyfully accepting the conditions of our earthly pilgrimage may we come to possess our souls and achieve our purposed destiny.

Monday, September 15

For I consider what we suffer now not to be compared with the glory that is to burst upon us. For creation is waiting with eager longing for the sons of God to be disclosed.—*Romans* 8 : 18, 19 (*Goodspeed translation*).

O God, who hast sent us to school in this strange life of ours, and hast set us tasks which test all our courage, trust, and fidelity: may we not spend our days complaining at circumstance or fretting at discipline, but give ourselves to learn of life and to profit by every experience. Make us strong to endure.

We pray that when trials come upon us we may

not shirk the issue or lose faith in Thy goodness, but, committing our souls unto Thee who knowest the way we take, come forth as gold tried by the fire.

Tuesday, September 16

Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, casting all your care on him, for he careth for you.—1 *Peter* 5 : 6, 7.

Our Eternal Father, whose kindness is loving and whose mercy is tender, we come to cast ourselves upon Thee, for Thou hast made us. We rest in the thought that Thy love knows no end nor change, else it could not love us so long. Our love knows so little constancy, it changes with our moods, it proves worthless in the hour of trial. We need to know that Thou art long-suffering and Thy patience endless, for we soon lose patience with ourselves.

We pray for strength for our burdens, wisdom for our responsibilities, insight for our times, faith enough for the wider demand. Our God, make us strong, make us strong.

Wednesday, September 17

When he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father.—*Luke* 15 : 17, 18.

O God, who remainest the same though all else fades, who changest not with our changing moods, who leavest us not when we leave Thee: we thank Thee that when we lose faith in Thee, soon or late we come to faith in something that leads us back again with firmer trust and more security. Even if we wander in the far country we take ourselves with us, ourselves who are set towards Thee as rivers to the sea.

Grant to us clearer vision of the light which knows no shade of turning, that we stray not in folly away.

Thursday, September 18

Jesus said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.—*Luke* 9 : 23, 24.

Teach us, O Father, not to despise the things of earth; the narrow way, the weary task, the pettiness of men, its trials, misunderstandings and strife; nor trifle with its opportunities; nor scorn its swiftly-ebbing day. Enable us to bear the fret of care, to keep, through toil of brain and hand, unbroken vigil of the soul. Help us to play our part in the life of our times; think truly, act kindly, strike a blow for freedom.

Friday, September 19

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. For my yoke is easy and my burden light.—*Matt.* 11 : 28, 30.

Make known to us, O Father, the blessedness of those who serve Thee, the joy of Thy cross, the rest of those who wear Christ's easy yoke, and may we be comforted and made glad. Grant us that last grace of life which transforms all things and renews the soul: the sense of Thy friendship and nearness, a hand in ours, a companion on the weary way, a light within the heart. So redeem the days we have wasted, reveal the meaning of the life we have so nearly lost, lift us from the melancholy of our mistakes, and turn all our mourning into joy. Amen.

(*The prayers for this week are all by the Rev. W. E. Orchard, D. D.*)

More Than Measure for Measure

Daniel Evans

MEN of rich experience and profound moral insight have perceived the everlasting and universal principle of life, that as persons "give, it shall be given unto them: good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto their bosoms." As one sows, so does he reap; as he puts into life, so does he draw out therefrom. Jesus and Paul and the other great ethical and religious teachers of the world have perceived and realized and inculcated this truth. It is a principle applicable in various realms of reality and in various spheres of human life.

Thus it is true in the great sphere of work. The farmer or gardener soon learns that as he treats the soil and the seed, so will he reap, measure for measure and more. If he does not enrich the soil, cultivate it sedulously, and choose selected seed, he will not get much for his work. The returns will not be measure for measure. The good farmer or gardener and the poor one are judged by what they give to the soil. There are farms in our country from which the good farmers have received a hundredfold, and now, having rented these farms, the tenant-farmers do not get back fifty-fold. The same holds true of men at their employment. If they give themselves heartily and thoroughly to their work, they get back more than measure for measure and soon win deserved promotion. And there are firms which do business so honestly and generously that they win the confidence of the public and the loyalty of their employees, and receive more than measure for measure. This spiritual principle is relevant to and applicable in the economic sphere.

We observe, too, that it works well in the life of the mind. The more a man studies and gives himself disinterestedly and devotedly to his intellectual task, and the more mental grasp and knowledge he brings to the subject, the more does he get in return. His knowledge increases, his mind develops, his life become enriched, his unconscious attitudes towards truth and beauty are appreciative, the very temper of his mind is refined. It is a great experience for the student when he discovers his own mind in the day of its awakening, finds resources of which he was not previously consciously aware, and experiences the joy of independent creative work. And all this comes from giving full measure of honest, conscientious, and joyous work in study.

It was, however, in our moral relations, that the principle was first seen to have its application. The

measure men give their fellow men is the measure they receive in return, and more, if they give generously. This is true of the material gifts men give others, whether of money, or presents. They receive abundantly in return. The generous man gives disinterestedly and is amazed and troubled by the returns that come to him. It is, however, of the greater gifts that the principle is most true. The men who give their confidence to others, who give full proof of their love for them, who work hopefully for them, and sacrifice ungrudgingly on their behalf, and devote themselves with all their souls to great moral causes, these are the persons who receive more than measure for measure. They develop noble characters, wield profound moral influence, and win the affection of their fellows.

Surely such a principle, true in all these spheres, must be true also in the religious, and indeed there find its best application and highest realization. The soul that takes the attitude of faith toward the everlasting spiritual realities of life—God, the Divine Kingdom, the immortal career—finds a response from the universe and returns undreamed of. The soul that obeys implicitly and whole-heartedly the demands of God finds the fullest freedom. The soul that co-operates with God in the service of the Kingdom accomplishes the most. The soul that gives itself utterly to God in the fellowship of prayer receives in return the very life of God, as the sea gives the river more in the tide than it received from the river. Those who have given God generously of their very lives are those who have received most from Him. Their cups ran over. God always gives more than measure for measure.

Around the Dinner Table*

Tracy Strong

"AND they shall come from the East and from the West bringing their gifts with them." It has been my privilege during the last two weeks to be the partaker of these gifts—not spices, nor gold, nor jewels, nor trade, but the greatest of all gifts, friendship. From one leaf of our guest book, I read these names: T. Z. Koo, China; Henry S. Townsend, Philippines; Hugh H. Cynn, Korea; Naquib Effendi Kilada, Egypt; Asak Jennings, Angora, Turkey; Arthur S. Taylor, Rome; Edgar MacNaughton, Kief, Russia; Albert M. Chesley, Portugal; Charles E. Heald and Basil Mathews, England. My one regret, as we sat around the dinner table, talking of Egypt, China, Russia, Turkey and other parts of the world, was that every man and every older boy, interested in the boys of the world, could not have been present. Let me share with you some of the crumbs which fell from the table.

We talked of China. All had heard of bandits, governmental difficulties, poverty, illiteracy and millions of people. T. Z. Koo revealed to us another China. Not a large man physically, he displayed energy, alertness and a drive that was almost American. He spoke quietly and with a reserve that commanded attention and gave weight to his remarks. He showed a heart interest in his country that was not blinded by facts, nor discouraged by difficulties, that was not prejudiced because it was his country, but which displayed a love for his native land unequaled. He did not fear the truth, no matter where it led him. His *resume* of the conference held last May by the Y. M. C. A. in Hanchow, China, revealed that there were many men in the movement in China like him, who were anxious that the Y. M. C. A. be an organization that rested not on past laurels, but that could change and adapt itself to the growing needs of China. He told us of a new spirit among youth, of new religions which were being organized, of an anti-Christian spirit on the part of many of the returned students from America, Japan and France, of a nation-wide campaign under the leadership of James Yen of the Y. M. C. A., which was seeking, in co-operation with others, to teach China's millions to read. Many other things we talked about, but through all the conversations that fine Christian spirit displayed itself. His life is given to China, but through China he is a citizen of the world, and we were all impressed that the day was not far hence when eyes would turn to China for Christian and world leadership.

While out in Asia, which you know contains 60 per cent of the boys of the world, let us go over to Korea and see it through the eyes of Mr. Hugh H. Cynn. I had met him first in Seattle about two years ago. He royally entertained the family in Korea last December, so that it was exceedingly pleasant to meet him again here in Geneva. As we talked, I marveled how all parts of the world were apparently facing similar problems. The whole question of Christianity and war, a Christian's attitude toward industry, interracial equality and hatreds, the influence of Russia's experiment in communism and new ways of organizing life, the rights of minorities and of the smaller nations, the changing emphasis of the Christian gospel to social, international, inter-racial and industrial questions, and even the theological controversies shipped in wholesale from the Occident—all these were live issues in his home land. Even more interesting was the fact that there were many Christians in Korea who were testing their lives anew by the life of Jesus. When men volunter a reduction in salary, a willingness to support themselves by day labor, so they may better serve through a Christian organization, or, as I saw while in Korea, are willing to give one-seventh of a weekly portion of rice to those in greater need, one realizes that the spirit of Jesus still commands the attention of men and will lead them out on to higher ground. Is it possible, I ask myself again and again, that our friends from the Orient will outdo us in sheer loyalty and consistency to the cause of Christ?

I can not leave Korea without giving you Cynn's

*Mr. Tracy Strong, who is a member of the Boys' Work staff, World's Committee of Y. M. C. A., wrote this article after the Plenary Meeting of the World's Committee, during which time friends from different parts of the world were guests in his home.

parting message. "Why do we look to God for leadership? What do we expect from such leadership? Socially, we see little hope ahead. Economically, we are apparently in a blind alley without much future and much hope. Politically, we are in the midst of chaos and only time can tell what the future will bring forth. Spiritually, we have put our trust in God. We believe that He is our Father and loves and cares for us. We also believe that eventually He will be victorious on earth as He is in heaven. If we are with Him and under His leadership we will be victorious with Him. Time is not the question as long as we are in line with the forces which sooner or later will be triumphant." Do you realize why I believe that the boys of Korea have much to contribute to the boys of the rest of the world?

One evening representatives of Egypt, Turkey and Russia were around the common table. They talked of worlds little understood, much feared, and still where life is on the move. Naquib Effendi—Effendi meaning Mr.—spoke of his life in Assut. Nationalism is the keynote to the life in Egypt to-day. Old differences of religion, race, smolder under the surface, while Egypt for the Egyptians has the stage. Christians and Mohammedans alike are anxious for an opportunity for freer expression and for the chance to try out their own ideas. They recognize their own weakness but feel that only by mistakes will they learn. Suspicion of anything foreign is in the air and those organizations supported by money from other countries are called upon to answer either directly or by their work such questions as: What are you here for? What is your relation to your governments? Is your motive service to Egypt or to your own countries? As we talked and he told of how in Assut he had started a Y. M. C. A. managed and organized by Egyptians who were anxious to serve the boys of Assut and hold up to them ideals of personal character and social service, I realized again that a life given in service to one's fellows wins and overrides religious, political and economic differences. Because the organization was in the hands of Egyptians, Mohammedans, Copts, and Protestants alike gave to the work. On the heart of this Christian Egyptian were the needs of the boys of Egypt who eagerly seek learning that they may better fit themselves for leadership in their own country, and through their country in the life of the world.

Jennings of Angora told of the Turks. He has come to love them and I could hear men say, "pro Turk." His acquaintance is not through the newspapers, nor only through the lips of those who are their enemies. He has lived with them; he has worked with their leaders in Angora. He has traveled throughout Asia Minor in comfortable trains, running on time, and all controlled and run by Turks. A few years ago he was told that the Turks couldn't do it. He has seen their struggle to separate Church and State and their apparent victory in spite of prejudices and opposition both from within and without. He told of the new homes being built, new sewerage and electric light systems, new methods of transportation and a new spirit. He does not excuse their faults any more than he excuses the faults of those who call themselves Christians. He has gone among them, eager to serve and to know them as a friend, and he has found them friendly and human. The needs of the boys of Turkey are on his heart. He believes that "inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of one of these my children, you do it unto me." When a man leaves a fine growing family several thousands of miles away and lives his life in the spirit of service among those of another race and religion, and then reports that he has found response to friendliness, eagerness to absorb and learn of the best of others' experience, hearts which beat true when understood, his testimony is worth considering and acting on.

Traveling northward to Russia, we talked of the new experiment of the students in the universities, many of whom still need help from without, of the children colonies, of new methods in education and industry, of unemployment and red tape. We were surprised to learn that many students from China and Korea were being taken to Moscow for free education, that they might return to their own countries to spread the idea of Communism. The young people have not been overlooked. There are 500,000 in the Young People's Communist League, and many of these lead the boys and girls of the nation in pioneer organizations. Two of their weekly magazines came to my desk yesterday. They have the appearance of the *Saturday Evening Post* of America and contain such articles as: "The Life of Edison," "Motion Pictures," "The Earthquake in Japan," "Life in China," "The Way New York Plans to Handle Her Traffic," "Ways of Handling Boys' Camps," etc. Still, through all the conversation, we realized that new life was throbbing in Russia and that she must soon take her place among the commonwealth of nations. Whether we agree with her policies or not, we must recognize that there is a spirit in Russia which believes it has discovered a better way of life, and willingly spends money, time and energy to educate its young, to spread its ideas and methods among the nations of the world.

The story as told by Chesley would fill a book. For several years he has been going from country to country in the interest of boys. He lives for three months in a city and when he leaves he has established a Boys' Work department under native leadership with an all-round program of activity. High School Boy Groups, Employed Boys Brotherhoods, Scout Troops, Pioneer Clubs and a group of trained leaders remain. In Roumania, Esthonia, Portugal, Poland or Czecho-Slovakia he has found men and boys who are eager to learn to serve. His experience has not made him pessimistic for the future of Europe. He has become an apostle for World Brotherhood and a believer that the youth of these different nations are eager to build a better world on the principles of love and good-will.

Through many of our conversations there has been the questioning voice of Basil Mathews of England. Not the questions of a doubter, for no man believes more in Youth than does he, but the questions of a learner. Mathews was always anxious to discover the reading needs of the youth in these different lands. He believes that through the story and the printed page youth can be led to a finer understanding of each other and to a personal character which will fit them for world citizenship. Mr. Mathews' service is

one of the finest fruits of Portschach, the second world's conference for workers among boys, for Mr. Mathews comes to Geneva as a member of the Staff of the Boys' Department of the World's Committee of the Y. M. C. A. His main responsibility will be the Literature Department, and he wants to serve the boys of the world through their national organizations by means of the finest literature which can be secured. If you want to catch the spirit of the man's life, read his recent book, "The Clash of Color." If you do not know where to get it, write to us in Geneva.

I could go on to Italy and the Fascisti Movement, to India, Japan, Germany. Have you caught, I wonder, through this meager account, a glimpse of a new day?

Four impressions have come to me:

1. New forces are at work in all parts of the world. Many of them break the bonds of the past and over-run the channels of accepted methods and organizations, but back of them all is the desire for self-expression and the determination to build a better and a finer world. What will be the result? No one can tell, but to condemn and not to construct will not help. To understand is one of the first essentials.

2. Young life is expressing itself and being heard. Whether it finds its fullest expression within or without Christian organizations, depends on the spirit of the leaders of these organizations.

3. Sympathy wins where other methods fail. Only when one approaches those of another language, race, nation, in the spirit of friendliness and service, does one discover the true worth of the other group. When one is privileged to see the inner motives of the other man, he finds a personality which responds to similar ideals, which loves, hates, prays and worships, but which finally is eager to learn from others and join his energy and force with the other friendly spirits in building a better world.

4. The spirit of Jesus is still at work among men in all parts of the world and continuously challenges men to reshape their lives, to reorganize the society in which they live and to rebuild on broader and finer lines. "God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform." He is not alone the God of the white or the black or the brown, but the Father of all men. His gifts are shared by all and no nation has a monopoly.

Shall we be in tune with His purposes?

A Misinterpreted Text

Edwin C. Sweetser

AMONG the somewhat numerous Biblical passages which are frequently misinterpreted and wrongly applied, there is perhaps none which is more commonly subjected to such treatment than this portion of the parable of the sheep and the goats—"Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me." (Matt. 25 : 40, 45.)

These two statements are often quoted in support of the assumption that Christianity is simply humanitarianism and that its possession is demonstrated by rendering assistance to any person who is in need of assistance, whosoever the beneficiary or the benefactor may be. It is assumed that by the expression "these my brethren" Jesus meant all other human beings, and that he so identified his own interests with those of mankind as to regard a deed of kindness or of unkindness to any one as being impliedly and practically done to himself.

A little examination of the matter, however, is sufficient to show the falsity of such an interpretation.

For, in the first place, it is evident that, according to the parable, both the sheep and the goats represent human beings, and that therefore, if a kind or an unkind deed to any needy human being is virtually done to Christ, the principle is applicable to any such deed by either a sheep or a goat to any other sheep or goat; and, furthermore, it is evident that, as a matter of fact, nearly every human being, in the course of his life, shows more or less kindness and more or less unkindness to some of the rest of mankind. There are but few people in the world so utterly bad as not sometimes to obey a kindly impulse to assist some one who appears to be in need of assistance, and but few people so good as not sometimes to neglect an opportunity of doing so. If to use such an opportunity causes a person to be counted as one of the sheep, and to neglect it causes him to be counted as one of the goats, then nearly every person is sometimes in one flock and sometimes in the other, changing from a sheep to a goat and from a goat to a sheep, and passing from one flock to the other many times in a year. Under that interpretation of the parable, indeed, some persons change so often from one character to the other and from one flock to the other, and the two flocks are so variable and so intermixed with each other, that, if ever a judgment day arrives, even the good shepherd will hardly be able to distinguish between them. At present, at any rate,

> "There is so much good in the worst of us,
> And so much bad in the best of us,"

that no exact humanitarian classification is possible.

But Jesus did not say, nor did he mean to imply, that any simple deed of human kindness or unkindness is practically done to him. He neither said nor implied that Christianity consists in helping the distressed and the needy. Do not even the publicans so, oftentimes?

Philanthropy and a spirit of helpfulness are essential to Christianity. It inculcates and requires them, and in proportion to our loyalty to Christ we shall feel and exhibit them. But that is not what he was talking about when he said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

What, then, did he mean by it?

A careful study of the parable together with some of his other utterances clearly shows that by those

whom he called "these my brethren" he signified not mankind in general, but only his little company of chosen disciples. In the parable they are not included among either the sheep or the goats, but constitute a third class, that of his personal representatives to whom a kindness or an unkindness would be equivalent to the same treatment if shown to himself.

On the morning of his resurrection he said to the women who met him in the neighborhood of the sepulcher, "Go, tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me" (Matt. 28 : 10; John 20 : 17); and, so far as the record shows, he never used the term "my brethren" with reference to any other persons. While teaching the exceedingly important doctrine of the brotherhood of all mankind, he reserved the expression "my brethren" or "these my brethren" for the little company of men who were related to him not only in the great brotherhood of humanity but in the brotherhood of a common faith and devotion and purpose. They were in a peculiar sense his brethren and also his personal representatives, who were to go forth in his name to preach the gospel of his kingdom not only among the Jews but among "all of the nations" (Matt. 24 : 14; 25 : 19; Mark 13 : 10; Luke 24 : 17). Whoever should assist them in any manner because of their relation to him would be practically assisting him, and whoever should refuse or neglect to do so would be practically giving to him the same blameworthy treatment.

On a former occasion, when sending them forth on a missionary tour among the cities of Israel, he emphasized the same principle. "He that receiveth you receiveth me," said he, "and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me" (Matt. 10 : 40). And again, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me" (John 13 : 10). And yet again, "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward" (Mark 9 : 41).

That principle is still in force, and it behooves us to take advantage of it by supporting Christian missionaries and assisting them in their needs, wheresoever they are. In so far as we do so, we help the Saviour himself, and shall in no wise lose our reward.

The Religion of Adventure*

Francis Greenwood Peabody

ONE hundred and two plain village folk, with but a single educated man among them, disembarked on the bleak sands of Massachusetts and seemed destined to oblivion. They were forgotten by Church and State. They had neither the experience nor knowledge of explorers. They meant to reach the Hudson and be within reach of friends, instead of landing in an unknown bay. Only two of them were over forty years of age, and the leaders were for the most part under thirty. But they had committed themselves to a religion of adventure. As they wrote in their epoch-making compact, they had "undertaken for the glory of God and advance of the Christian faith to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia." They refused, therefore, to starve, or to quarrel, or to retreat. They were looking for a colony which had foundations, whose architect and builder is God. Not to play safe, but to face foes for a great cause; not to save life in England, but to lose it in the wilderness; not even to cling passively to the Cross of Christ, but to take up their own cross and carry it—such were the marks of the Pilgrim character which make their story of perennial and dramatic significance. Religion to them had its own limitations of form and doctrine, but it was fundamentally chivalric, venturesome, courageous, not the religion of the stay-at-home, but the religion of the adventurer.

A still more impressive illustration of the same demand is met when one recalls the chastening experiences of the World War from which we are just emerging. Many motives, no doubt, contributed to make those millions of young Americans face their great ordeal with an extraordinary tranquillity and lofty joy. Their country, their duty, their sympathy for Europe, their faith in God, enlisted them in the service. But intermingled with these high ideals was the answer which this startling summons gave to the hitherto unsatisfied desire for a great adventure, a risk worth running, a cause worth dying for, a life that might be full even if it must be short. Young men and young women alike were stirred by an unprecedented call to chivalry, and they went out, not knowing whither they were going, but with the happy sense that through all the hardship and sacrifice they were looking for a civilization which had foundations, whose architect and builder was God.

Among these vast adventures of body, mind and will, what impression did these young lives receive of religion and its place in the world? The reports that have come, both from men in the trenches and from those who tried to help them, are singularly uniform. On the one hand, these young lives were singularly susceptible to religious motives. The daily presence of the great mystery of death, the call to sacrifice, the unmeasured loyalty to the High Command—these conditions of the soldier's life stirred him to reverence, resignation and awe. In moments of crisis and strain his mind was much occupied with God. An American boy wrote to his mother: "As we buckled on our gas masks and moved out into the night, I never felt myself so much in God's hands." But, on the other hand, these unsophisticated young minds did not hesitate to express a candid and even a contemptuous indifference for much of the religious teaching which they were called to hear. The controversies of the sects, the claims of authority, the fate of the unconverted—all these traditional appeals to safety or to fear became wasted oratory where life had

*Extracts from a sermon published in the *New York Times*, October, 1920.

become so dramatic and intense, and fell like unexploding shells among unscathed lives.

What might have seemed real at home became inapplicable to the grim experience of war, and provoked either a smile or a sneer. For these boys had committed themselves to a great adventure, and religion seemed often offered to them as a safe retreat. "The Church," a discerning English chaplain wrote, "is suspect with the Tommy. Tommy does not care for the man who is playing safe." Thus the mood of the soldier was a most curious mingling of spiritual responsibility and theological indifference and contempt. "The men," another chaplain said, "seem to have got religion but they have not got our religion." The fact was that they had enlisted for a service which nothing but a religion of adventure could satisfy, and they made no response to a religion of resignation, or surrender, or retreat. The appeal to fear, either for the present or the future, was no message for the soldier. The call he heard was to chivalry, courage, loyalty, the finding of self in the losing of self, the glad obedience to a commander. Among the vast and irreparable losses of the world through the tragedy of war, here was at least one indestructible and permanent gain. Religion might fail to mean what it had seemed before—a promise of safety, a rescue from risk—but it might come to be the full expression of that great adventure which the soldier himself had made for a great cause. Within the desolating fire of war, which had burned up so many fresh lives and hopes, there remained, as in a smelting furnace, this deposit of reality, scorched indeed but purified, small in bulk but pure gold, out of which the religious currency of the future must be made. It was as a competent observer of the men at the front reported: "These youths went away as boys, and they came back as a day of judgment."

Here is another and fresh disclosure of the scope and meaning of religion, as it is forced upon our notice by the terrific experiences of a stricken world. It is not the whole of religion. Fortunately for the world there is a religion of rest, of resignation, of peace. "The effect of righteousness," the prophet said quite truly, "shall be quietness and assurance forever;" and many a discouraged or defeated life has a right to that hope of quietness after the storms it has had to meet. Just as pious souls in earlier days betook themselves to monasteries and convents as a refuge from an evil world, so under the same compulsion timid lives may still welcome a religion which rescues them from the perils of the modern world, and hides them in some refuge of Faith or Church. But it is not alone the Hebrew patriarch or the New England Pilgrims or the returning soldiers who summon the world from a religion of retreat to a religion of adventure. When one turns to the Great Example, and recalls the ministry of Jesus Christ, he encounters the same transition in motives and aims. Nothing was more remote from that teaching than the maxim "Safety First." The call of Jesus was not to security but to sacrifice. He who saves his life loses it; he only who loses it finds it; if any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his own cross and follow—these are the great paradoxes which recur like motifs throughout the teachings of the Gospel. Jesus Christ, in a word, summons his followers to a religion of adventure. And when one passes from his teachings to his life, there is the same trait of chivalry. The most conspicuous quality in the character of Jesus Christ was not resignation or submission, but courage. His cross was not the symbol of suffering alone, but of victory. "In this sign conquer," were the words that Constantine saw, written on the sky. By this strange, hard road peace and joy were to come to him. It was just before the tragedy of the Cross, when peace and joy seemed hopelessly remote, that he was able to say, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you," and to pray for his friends that his joy might remain with them, and that their joy might be full.

Why is it that this kind of religion is so persuasive to many a modern life? It is because life itself, with its inevitable contingencies and vicissitudes, is essentially a great adventure. Most of us devote a great part of our time to insuring ourselves against the risks of life. We accumulate money; we fortify health; we guard ourselves against uncertainty; we lay our plans for leisure, comfort, and old age. Abraham going out, not knowing whither he was going, Pilgrims launching forth into a stormy sea, soldiers risking all in the great adventure, Jesus Christ finding peace and joy at the end of his short career—all these seem remote from a prudent and judicious way of life. An assured income, a good digestion, an undisturbed conformity to a venerable creed—what can make one safer than these? And then, one day, this fenced-in, protected life discovers that security can not be insured by wisdom or purchased by prayer. Disappointment crushes hope, disillusion shatters hope, sorrow smites the heart, the gales of fate drag one from his moorings, and the life that seemed safe in harbor finds itself suddenly drifting and derelict. From the time of Abraham until now each generation has had to learn that one's life is called to go out, not knowing whither it is going, and that none but the adventurer reaches the Promised Land. One wants to be quiet, to keep things as they are, to enjoy the prosperity of a Mesopotamian plain; but the obvious fact, written on the experience of life, is that things will not stay as they are, and that happiness flees from those who would hold her in their arms. Life, in short, is a risky business. It is what commercial men call a hazardous occupation; and there are but two ways to deal with it.

One is to pretend that it is safe to play, to hide, to run away. The other is to take life just as it is, and to convert it, its chances and changes, into what one of the noblest of hymns calls "the beautiful vicissitude." The disciples of Jesus wanted to be assured what was to happen to them before they committed themselves to follow him. "We know not whither thou goest," they said, "and how can we know the way?" But Jesus does not tell them, even on the last day of his life, whither he is going. He only says, "I am the way;" and, following the way, they might find, as they went, the larger truth and the more abundant life. That is the only just account of human experience. It is a Way; it is an Adventure; it is a Pilgrim voyage; and to think of it as anything less than this is to miss the meaning of life, as though one lingered in Mesopotamia and missed the Promised Land. All this is summed up in the single word which is most

habitually on the lips of Christian believers, the great word Faith. But how strangely that word has been perverted in its use. It would almost seem from much of the language of theology and tradition, that faith meant the assent to certain intellectual propositions, or the acceptance of certain established forms. This is very far from the teaching of the New Testament. Jesus comes to many a life which has no determined theology, and says, "Thy faith has saved thee." "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." In short, what he was looking for was not intellectual acceptance but moral loyalty, not Christology but Christianity, not orthodoxy but obedience, not profession but confession, not a creed but a life. The Apostle Paul repeats his Master's teaching when he says, "We walk by faith." For he means just what he says. Faith is not a way of talking; faith is a way of walking. It is a direction of the will, a loyalty of the life, a religion of adventure. "By faith," it is written, "Abraham went out, not knowing whither he was going." He made what a great modern preacher has called "the venture of faith." So must every one who goes the same way. "The men of the East," a modern poet has said,

> "may watch the stars,
> And signs and seasons mark;
> But the men signed with the Cross of Christ
> Go gaily in the dark."

To go gaily in the dark—that is the sign of a practical and rational faith. Darkness there must be, and much hiding of the way, and one may be sorely tempted to sit down and drop out of the march; but to walk steadily and straight, with the stars to show the way, is a religion of adventure worthy of the best that brain can think or will can do. It is like the courage of the soldier as he took his place in the trench. Little did he know of the great plan of the campaign. He was lonely, ignorant, in the dark. But he knew that back of him was the Commander, who had set him where he was, and that the fidelity of each private in the ranks counted in the vast design, and because of that faith in the High Command, the soldier went over the top to his great adventure, yes, even gaily in the dark.

From the day when Abraham set forth from the Plain of Shinar, not knowing whither he was going, the venture of faith has invited the courage of man. The Pilgrims went out not knowing whither they were going, and a greater Commonwealth than that of which they dared to dream was the fruit of their adventure. The flower of America went out to war, not knowing whither they were going, and their gallant adventure revealed the soul of America. Above all these spiritual adventures stands always the supreme symbol of the Cross; the witness of leadership through sacrifice, of saving through suffering, of that great adventure of the spirit which wins the world to itself. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The Cross of Christ was the witness, not alone of his passion, but of his power. As it is lifted from the earth the law of spiritual attraction draws all men unto it. The same law operates in the life of nations. Self-centered nationalism, commercial greed and political duplicity repel and irritate; and the nation which seems to be safeguarding its rights forfeits its leadership. That nation only can command the confidence of the world which is lifted up into magnanimity and compassion, and makes the great adventure, to serve and to save.

The Religion of Two Writers

BEFORE Christopher Morley ended his famous column in the *New York Evening Post*, because of a change in the ownership of the paper, he discussed "The Religion of the Newspaper Man" and the *Literary Digest* quoted the substance of what he said:

Far from being the depraved skeptic he is rather generally supposed to be, the newspaper man, we are told, merely shears off the things which he deems irrelevant to belief in God and to right living, and tries to preserve the kernel of truth as he sees it. Because of his training, he knows what is purely propaganda, and he is for that very reason, perhaps, the better able to grasp the essentials and to comport his thinking with the facts of experience rather than with any of the dogmas of differing authorities. He is familiar with life, its trials and tests, its successes and failures, and, continues that well-known columnist and moralist, Christopher Morley, in his column, "The Bowling Green," in the *New York Evening Post*, "he is on the alert for every possible consolation that the mind can offer. He has been trained to be watchful, in every human emergency, for the overtones of oddity, pathos, irony, humor, that the situation affords." He is aware that interest, prejudice, timidity, fear of public opinion, act powerfully on men's thinking. He is also aware that in nearly every situation there is what is technically known as "inside stuff," which it is deemed inadvisable to give the public, since there is no more obvious human quality than the eagerness for leaping at unwarranted conclusions—conclusions which will fit in with previously formed opinions. And one of the duties of a conscientious news editor, we are told, is not to give his readers too many opportunities for that sort of jumping. Mr. Morley is musing on the religion of a newspaper man and present controversies just before the discontinuance of his long-familiar column under the change in ownership of the *Post*. He proceeds:

> "So, little by little, the newspaper man develops a habit of mind which tends to make him doubtful of Authority: doubtful of all panaceas and mass-attacks upon Salvation; doubtful of professional Chrysostoms and uplifters who make a living out of lifting up; doubtful, indeed, of almost everything except that strange capsule of divine hunger that can be found in every human being if you can persuade him to lay down his pitiful armor of self-defense."

Passing on to matters now prominent in the public eye, Mr. Morley says that the newspaper man may be pardoned for believing that clerical controversies such as are now agitating the Churches are "vulgar, irrelevant, and deplorable." In fact,

> "He can not honestly be accused of hostility to any Church; for he sees that Churches are human institutions, manned (like all human institutions) mostly with second-rate minds. He regrets deeply that it should become so evident that there are thousands of people still eager to argue about matters that are not susceptible of argument; matters taken for granted, generations ago, by all really imaginative men. He is amused, too, to find the newspapers for the most part taking a

somewhat superior attitude toward the Church in its scissions; for newspapers are just as much the victims of formulae as ever any House of Bishops. The average City Editor has a rigid creed of his own about how news should be presented; and if a story is not decanted into that particular format it has little chance of getting printed. Every creature with a mind develops formulae of his own, of which he is largely unaware. Man is a formula-bearing animal.

"The problem of the Church (any Church) is to suggest, in human terms, more than human realities. And the Church has to face that most interesting division of tempers in men, a cleavage of character which is radical and fundamental, the difference between people who like to have things done for them and those who like to do things for themselves. There are no atheists, really: 'Atheism,' as old Bacon said, 'is rather on the lip than in the heart of man.' But he added: 'It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy to Him.' To some tempers the habit of trying to imprison Deity in little formulae and credos is distasteful. To others it is the only helpful recourse."

But it is utterly futile to discuss these matters, believes the famous columnist, "for God is approached (generally speaking) only in solitude." Human meeting introduces purely human factors, difficulties, and embarrassments, for instance, "either vanity or humility, both impediments to truth." In solitude the soul may "come into closer communion with the great thrill of cosmic rhythms than it can ever do in company with others." With mild criticism of clerical proneness to controversy, which just now is taking up much space in the newspapers, Mr. Morley muses:

"The greatest tragedy in the world is when beautiful things get into the hands of those who do not understand them. The danger is that the most beautiful element in human beings, the innate craving for beauty, for poetry, for worship and ecstasy, in a word the religious instinct, shall fall into the hands of literal-minded priests who are eager to crystallize and minify these urgencies into small prisms of doctrine. It is customary for Bishops to use the word 'facts' in regard to the meanings behind various Creeds. Some synod of Bishops, meeting oddly enough in Texas (the broadest of states), issued a manifesto regarding the 'Facts' that Creeds rehearse. But, heavens, we cry to ourself, surely Creeds have nothing to do with Facts. We think better of Creeds than that; they are based upon intuitions, hopes, surmises; they are poetry. Why should the sacred legends and myths of human life be so debasingly palavered as we see them in the papers? There was a great line we once discovered in the Episcopal Prayer-Book (but it seems to have been removed; we could never find it again) that said something about God 'whose service is perfect freedom.' We should like to see God magnified with a little ecstasy, not minified in a rigid creed. And so, to come to a temporary stopping-place (there is an infinite lot more that may be said), we remind you of Dr. Jowett's immortal line to Margot Asquith—'You *must* believe in God, in spite of what the clergy say.' "

The religion of the newspaper man is of interest to us because it is in essence the religion of the liberal.

He has approached it from a different direction. He has not studied liberal tracts. He has not been brought up in a liberal church. He even may not have talked with liberal Christians, but he has been immersed in reality—he has been dealing with life—and that kind of experience leads generally to one thing.

It is like the religious experience of men in the war.

In those terrible months the artificial, the pretentious, the unreal, shriveled up and died.

Recently Chapman in his "Religion and Literature" has given us a view of Dickens' response to religion.

In substance he says that Dickens "made little account of dogmatic formulas." Of the Christian Church as a great development in history he was half oblivious.

He was more or less contemptuous toward dissenters, but knew little about them. "As an apostle of meat, drink and good fellowship he was constitutionally unsympathetic to asceticism." His ministers, Stiggers and Chadband, were caricatures. He was responsive to the beauty of the architecture and the forms of the Church of England. Old gray walls appealed to him.

Chapman says that his response to Christianity may be defined as "the answer of his heart to the all inclusive humanity and charity of Christ."

He once edited the New Testament for the use of his children.

In his will, he urged his children to pattern their lives on the precepts of the New Testament.

"Three characteristics which align him with the deeper religious forces," Chapman asserts, are child-likeness, purity and a strong reforming purpose.

* * *

DEFENSE TEST DAY AGAIN

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Dr. Benton's letter to the *Universalist Leader* on "Defense Test Day" has the following statement: "We have absolutely no need at present to get ready to defend ourselves. We have no foes actual or potential unless we manufacture them."

Surely we can not so happily dismiss the most apparent facts of modern civilization. It is possible to so fill one's mind with thoughts of an ideal world that one comes to believe the ideal very near in time. The truth is that humanity must set out patiently upon a long effort and a difficult path. There is no evidence in any nation of a wide-spread will to internationalism. At the close of the Great War humanity was near to a united sense of effort and common destiny. President Wilson's "self-determination" expressed a great ideal for the people of the earth. But narrow selfishness and limited vision have made "self-determination" hideous. The term is now expressive of emotions quite divisive and sinister.

Our nation can not avoid her place in the world. Her enormous wealth and trade expansion limit the ability of other nations to gain the large place "self-determination" might lead them to desire. Our very rapid progress and development now bring us to a stage at which we must face the unavoidable facts related to it. Certain nations do not exhibit complacency at our industrial competition. Our huge loans contribute not to our peace but to our future insecurity. Our rightful search for new world-markets in the Far East is a new factor of insecurity. Can we safely predict that all foreign peoples will be so free from jealousy, so free from nationalism, that they

will never again resort to arms? Not the least of the facts we face is the drift together of those nations whose aims and ambitions are similar.

To argue that "we will not be attacked if we disarm" is so contrary to facts that to state it is to dismiss it. The followers of Gandhi have so discovered. But what we should be prepared to defend at all cost is more than material treasure, more than factories, stores or banks. We must always be prepared to defend this enterprise of ideals, of liberty, of democratic principles and government working out its destiny in our geographical area. This enterprise is a precious treasure of all humanity; it must not be wrecked by any combination of foreign irresponsibility.

We may also over-esteem the physical bodies of men. Christ placed a lighter value upon his body than the extreme pacifist of to-day. To die in defense of the American enterprise is a glorious death. The body can never be worth so much as principles and noble ends. Weigh the stuff of martyrs, saints and pioneers. Let us not degenerate.

Our country has a message to humanity. We best express it by our efforts for the World Court, our continuous spirit of non-aggression, our pacific competition, our yearning for peace, our readiness to defend our enterprise of Liberty.

R. H. McLaughlin.

Hartford, Conn.

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CREEDS AND LOYALTY

By Seven Members of the Faculty of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. The Macmillan Company.

This book is obviously intended to meet a crisis in the Episcopal Church, where much is being said about heresy and loyalty, creeds and their interpretation. The authors state their purpose to be "a brief presentation of what specialists in creedal history are agreed upon. Where equally eminent authorities differ, both sides of the question are indicated." The authors do not pretend to have said the final word. They do not ask assent to their views. "We do ask dispassionate consideration. We would welcome vigorous and stimulating disagreement."

One who reads the discussion will have no doubt that they will get what they ask for. The disagreement will no doubt be vigorous but it will probably not be judicial. The chapter on "The Virgin Birth" will not satisfy those who are convinced that a belief in this doctrine is essential to discipleship and the chapter on "The Resurrection of the Body" will not meet with the approval of those who interpret immortality from the physical standpoint.

Whether all this controversy over ancient creeds is important or not is an open question. But the authors have laid all students under obligation by presenting clearly and briefly the essential facts in the controversy.

F. O. H.

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ROBERT MORRISON—A MASTER BUILDER

By Marshall Broomhall, M. A.

This is a fascinating biography. One might almost call it an autobiography, for running all through the story are many extracts from the journals and letters of Morrison. These add greatly to the interest, and enable us to have first hand knowledge of the experiences and difficulties which this pioneer missionary faced.

Morrison was a pioneer in more senses than one. He was not only the first Protestant missionary to China, but also the first Englishman to make any extended study of Chinese. His were laborious days, for he was not only Christian missionary, and student of Chinese, but translator of the Scriptures, dictionary maker, and for twenty-five years interpreter for the United East India Company.

In all of these tasks he proved himself an indefatigable worker in whom tact, common sense and Christian faith were predominant traits. The biography gives us many examples of these and proves that Morrison was indeed a master builder.

China a century ago considered herself the greatest of nations, regarding all western peoples as "barbarians," and Christianity as the "European religion." From this we can easily understand that Morrison had no easy time. His work, in large part, had to be done in secret, and he toiled for seven years before he made a convert.

Morrison died in 1834 at the age of fifty-two, having spent more than half of his life in China. He did his own work well, and in doing it laid the foundations for future missionary endeavor in China.

The book is well written, and deserves wide reading.

S. G. A.

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THE INTERNATIONAL COMMENTARY

Two new volumes of the "International Critical Commentary" Series have just come from the Scribner Press.

One is on the "Pastoral Epistles," by the Rev. Walter Lock, D. D., professor in the University of Oxford; and the other is on the "Epistle to the Hebrews," by the Rev. James Moffatt, D. D., Litt. D. The two books are properly named, critical. Their appeal is to scholars who seek the fine distinctions of Greek words and phrases.

Dr. Lock deals with the epistles, Timothy I and II and Titus. The critic in the Introduction—which is long and analytic, discusses such general matters as Paul's idea of the Christian character, the general apostolic teaching, the organization of churches and the programs of the ministry. These phases are carefully treated and rich in cross references. In the commentary proper, the author shows his own classic scholarship and he appeals to those students of the Bible who are masters of Greek. The positions of other critics are freely discussed and the author is positive in his own conclusions as to the teachings of Paul and the work of Timothy and Titus. This volume will appeal most to those who are familiar with the various schools of interpretation of Pauline literature. The ordinary Sunday school teacher must not judge this book from the standpoint of a popular treatise. It is a scholar's contribution for minds that delight in research and in discussions of the fine points of literary and theological criticism.

Dr. Moffatt, a minister of the United Free Church of Scotland, gives us a no less scholarly study in his volume on Hebrews, but it has the touch of the preacher in its method of treatment. Hebrews is a book which in some parts gives us the motive of a preacher making an appeal to a seeking people. Dr. Moffatt gives us the method and conclusions—in very careful and effective form—of a modern who has found the book of Hebrews rich in its material for exposition of the Pauline doctrines of Christ's teachings to earnest religious people like the people of the Scotch Free Church. This book abounds in its allusions to classical writers and current philosophies and equally in its use of the latest discoveries in archeology. The volume in its scholarly method and broad spirit is fit companion to the other volumes of this series by Chas. A. Briggs, C. H. Toy, S. R. Driver, W. R. Harper, Hinckley G. Mitchell, Alfred Plummer, Ernest D. Burton, James H. Ropes and others.

L. S. M.

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THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Taxi Meter

Once upon a time there was a man who said, All my life I have either walked or ridden on the Street Cars, and it is time for a Change. And he ordered a Taxi, and climbed in. And he looked out at other men, scrambling for a place to enter the street cars, or standing within and holding to the straps, and he felt like Croesus.

But after a time he ceased to watch his less fortunate Neighbors, and looked at the Meter, and, behold, it was working steadily at its job, and every now and then it jumped another Dime.

And he began to figure how much it was going to cost him to get home.

And as he noted the intervals at which it jumped, and considered the distance from his home, he was almost constrained to get out and walk the last four blocks lest the Meter should jump two or three times before he pulled up at his own Curb.

Now I also have walked to save carfare, and have counted myself rich when I had a nickel that I thought I could spare for the trolley-cars, in the days when a car-ride cost a nickel. And I also sometimes ride in a Taxi. For, while I am far from Rich as the world doth esteem wealth, Money is the cheapest thing I have.

And this is the way I feel about it. I can afford to walk, and I can afford to ride on the Trolley, and I can afford a Taxi if there is sufficient reason for it, but I can not afford to die of Nervous Excitation watching the Meter. I will either walk and save it altogether, or ride on the Street Car at such price as they who run those cars ring up, or ride in a Taxi and pay up like a man. But I will not ride and worry.

And the same I hold concerning Life. I am a Passenger on this here old Taxi that is racing through History, and I see no very decent and very desirable way of getting out until I reach the Destination, and I do not want to get out.

Wherefore I and Keturah we sit pretty in this old Taxicab of life, and we know that just as much of the road belongeth unto us as it doth to any man who payeth an hundred times our Income Tax. And we are going with the Race, that is to say the Human Race, and getting our money's worth out of the Ride.

And thus do I speak unto Keturah. There is no couple that hath a Mileage to equal ours that hath had more or happier Experiences, and those Experiences keep right on. And I know not how long this old Machine will run, nor with what it may yet collide. And I am well aware that our Chauffeur, Old Time, is working hard at the Meter and registering an increasing account against us. But no watching of the Meter shall prevent our enjoying the ride.

* * *

A MODERNIST BISHOP

Canon E. W. Barnes, Canon of Westminster, has been appointed to the bishopric of Birmingham, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Russell Wakefield.

The appointment (says a *Star* correspondent) involves the most remarkable religious phenomenon of our times—a Modernist Bishop for the Church of England.

It is hence of unusual importance that to the busy diocese of Birmingham there should be transferred the most daring and outspoken clergyman of the modernist school.

Dean Burgon once said in the pulpit that "we are quite content to leave to the scientists their ancestors in the Zoological Gardens if they will leave us ours in the Garden of Eden." With that view the new Bishop has no sympathy.

The new Bishop came into prominence through his famous sermon delivered at Cardiff in August, 1920, in connection with the visit of the British Association.

In it he said "Christian thinkers" had quietly accepted theories of the origin of the earth due to modern scientific investigation (*i.e.*, evolution), and that they had "found it necessary to abandon the doctrine of the Fall."

General Booth wrote to the *Times* to denounce this sermon, and Dr. Barnes replied with reference to the evolution of all species from primitive forms of life:

"General Booth will hardly find a competent biologist to deny these facts. Darwin, like Galileo, has triumphed.

"In spite of the first chapters of Genesis, the stories of the special creation of man by God and the Fall have become incredible."

Preaching shortly afterwards in Westminster Abbey, Canon Barnes claimed that no bishop, Nonconformist divine, or man of science had come forward to deny explicitly that man was descended from animals or to assert that the Fall was a historical fact.

"The framework of ideas which placed Creation 6,000 years ago had simply fallen to pieces," he said.

"The changes in the marriage service seem to me admirable, I am glad the references to Adam and Eve are to be eliminated."

In addressing the Association of University Women Teachers Canon Barnes said:

"The Old Testament was Jewish literature. In it were to be found folk-lore, defective history, half-savage morality, obsolete forms of worship based on primitive and erroneous ideas of the nature of God, crude science."

He has always insisted on the Divinity behind the vast process of evolution.

"Man is not," he said, "a grim jest of bio-chemical reactions."

The new Bishop has been as advanced in regard to social as to religious matters.

Last January, preaching in Westminster Abbey, he declared that they need not be alarmed by a Labor Government. "It will bring neither chaos nor the millennium."

The Labor Premier has now replied by making this bold theologian a Bishop of the Church. It is a dramatic challenge to Orthodoxy.—*London Star.*

* * *

BESETTING TEMPTATIONS AND SINS

What answer must be made to the question, "What is the matter with our church papers?" Many favorable comments doubtless could be passed upon the periodicals of Methodism, but just now we need to inquire into their besetting temptations and sins. There is a tendency toward pettiness in the journalism of the Church. One famous editor of other days once complained to Borden P. Bowne of the heavy responsibility and exactions of his work. "Yes," replied the astute Bowne, "I noted your recent editorial on 'The Psychology of the Bicycle!' "

Too much space is frequently given to personal items which have no general news value beyond the individual directly concerned. Numberless articles of a platitudinous and superficially evangelistic character reach every editor's desk. Unless he zealously guards his columns against such weak contributions he will lower the standard of his journal and, in a measure at least, fail in his task.

Religious papers are also in danger of falling into the habit of distorting the truth as they carry on their propaganda for the kingdom. Take, for example, the work of Christian missions. How easy it is to "play up" child marriage and foot-binding, and to stress the shortcomings of Buddhism and Hinduism as cults of Satan, until a reader is prejudiced against all the good points of Oriental peoples and acquires a totally false image of conditions in mission lands.

What of the tendency to use "high lights" on the accomplishments of the church? Some months ago there reached the *Herald* a syndicated article about a certain church enterprise in New England. The situation had been so idealized and the good results so magnified that we had difficulty in recognizing the description as applying to the church in question.

The threat of the subscription list constitutes still another peril to religious journalism. Editors are human, they like to please, and therefore they find themselves singularly open to the temptation to abandon leadership and to assume the easier role of followership. One Protestant journalist of the long ago, when asked how he managed to secure material for editorial comment week after week, remarked that the subject of temperance always interested people, if that failed he could attack the Unitarians, and if this line happened to be impossible he always could fight the Catholics. A living editor a few weeks ago made this revealing remark with respect to his task: "There never was a time when there were so many pokers lying around hot at both ends." "Stop my paper" is the club used only too often to bring an editor who is trying to pioneer a new way for the kingdom of God back to the safe paths of traditionalism.—*Zion's Herald.*

Home and Children

EVERY DAY FAITH

You do not worry when the bright day fades,
And in the twilight earth grows dark and chill;
You do not worry when the midnight shades
Hide in their gloom each pleasant glade and hill;
You close in sleep your tired eyes, and say:
"To-morrow God will send another day."

You do not worry when your garden fair
Beneath the winter snowdrifts lies entombed.
You do not worry when the icy air
Stirs but bare twigs where once the roses bloomed;
You only say, content as one who knows:
"God sends again the summer and the rose."

If you trust God in darkness for the light,
If you trust Him in frost-time for the rose,
Then why not trust Him with a faith as bright
In all your daily frets and fears and woes,
And say to every anxious thought and pain,
"Life's shadows pass, God sends the sun again."

Judith Fox.

* * *

AUNT SARAH'S BICYCLE

Rose Brooks

PETER wanted a bicycle. He thought he wanted it more than anything in the world. "If I could just get a bicycle, Mother," said Peter, "think of the errands I could do for you! And by lowering the seat, I can ride a man's size, Mother, so once I get a bicycle, I can ride it all my life!"

Mother smiled wistfully at the eager little boy. "If everything didn't cost so much, Peter! I don't see how we can get a bicycle for you now. But summer is almost over," she went on hopefully, "and you couldn't ride it in the winter, anyway. Perhaps by spring we'll be buying bicycles and automobiles and all sorts of things,—who knows?"

Peter smiled in spite of himself as he said, "All right, Mother." But a little sigh went with the words, and Peter's brown eyes turned to the window just in time to see Jimsy, who lived across the street, mount his shiny new bicycle and speed away, probably to meet other boys on bicycles.

Mother saw, too. "Let's talk about what kind you'll get when you do have one," she said, pulling out the mixing-board preparatory to rolling cookies. Peter launched instantly into the absorbing topic of coaster-brakes, stands, bells, and the safest kind of padlock.

"Don't I wish I could run into town this very day and get it for him," thought Mother, regretfully, as Peter went whistling out the back door.

A week after this conversation a furniture van stopped before Peter's door, and age-worn chairs, secretaries, clocks and tables were carefully unloaded and carried into the house. An aunt of Peter's father had died and had left her cherished furniture to Peter's father because she knew he would cherish it after her.

When Father came home that night, what fun they all three had, distributing the new-old things throughout the house. "There really was a place for everything, wasn't there," asked Mother, with great satisfaction when even the last chair was against the wall. "It never seemed bare, but now we look so furnished! Let's go down to the front door and come in, just as if we'd never lived here ten years, and go into every room and see if we know our own house." Like three children they ran downstairs and starting at the front door went arm in arm on a tour of inspection.

"Isn't that the quaintest little chair in the world!" said Mother, arrived in Peter's room. "And precisely right for Peter to sit in before his low typewriter table. Did you lift it? It's heavy as lead. I wonder whose it was."

"It has always been in Aunt Sarah's house," said Father. "I remember I always liked to sit in it when I was a little chap. Aunt Sarah had a great affection for it,—it was hers when she was a little girl. She always said she wanted me to keep it always for her sake, because all her own childhood was associated with it, and if ever I had a little boy, he was to have it."

"That's me!" said Peter, and nobody corrected his grammar.

"That's you," agreed Father. "So now the chair is yours. I don't remember this seat covering, though. I'm positive it used to have a rush seat."

"Isn't it fun to have chairs with stories about them!" said Mother, happily, as they went into the next room.

Never before Peter came into possession of Aunt Sarah's sturdy little heirloom had he had just the right chair to sit in while he clicked happily away on his battered old typewriter on rainy days. Within a week the chair had become a part of his room, and Peter felt the same childish affection for it that Father, and Aunt Sarah before him, had felt.

One day Peter's eyes noticed the details of the little old brown chair more closely than before. "Mother!" he called to his mother, who was sewing in her room across the hall. "Mother, could you bring your sewing in here?"

Mother gathered workbasket, scissors, and stockings and joined him. "Of course I can," she said. "The light is better here than in my room. But I thought you were going to typewrite."

"I was looking at my chair," explained Peter, rubbing a finger over a sturdy little black post. "Did you ever notice, Mother, that the tip ends of these posts are covered with brass?"

"Didn't you? You can polish them and make them shine if you want to—only if you did, the rest of the chair would look dingy."

"Did you ever see such a funny seat covering?" went on Peter. "Do you think it's pretty, Mother?"

Mother laughed. "No, Peter, I don't, I'd never think of covering the seat of any chair with a thick rose-patterned carpet and then tacking an edge of coarse red lace around it. I've often wondered if you

liked it. Maybe Aunt Sarah covered it herself when she was a little girl. Maybe she thought it pretty, then."

"I never noticed it much,—it's so comfy to sit in. But she couldn't have covered it with lace and carpet when she was a little girl, because don't you remember Father said it had a rush seat when he was little like me?"

"So he did!" said Mother. "I'd forgotten all about that. Certainly, unless the rush seat was broken, nobody could have covered it with anything so queer."

Peter turned the chair bottom-side up, and both he and Mother looked, but across the bottom of the seat was stretched a piece of brown lining. "Let's cut a little slit here in the edge," said Mother, "and I'll slip my hand in and feel. It is a rush seat! I do believe it is!" Mother withdrew a dusty hand, and, turning the chair again right side up, began to poke the carpet covering.

"Let's take it off," suggested Peter. "I'll get my hammer and pull out all the brass tacks."

Mother hesitated. "It's so funny the way it is, it's almost a pity to change it. But if a rush seat is hidden underneath"—

Peter, feeling the permission in her voice, ran down cellar to his tool chest and brought the hammer. "Wait till I get every tack out, and then we'll see together," he begged.

"Now," said Peter, the last tack out, "when I say three, you lift that side and I'll lift this. One, two, three!"

Off came the old carpet, with a little padded cushion underneath, and Mother's and Peter's eyes were riveted not only on a perfectly unbroken rush seat, but on a long white envelope which lay on it. In big, black, plainly-printed letters, the envelope was addressed:

"For the little Boy to whom this Chair Belongs when the Carpet Seat is Taken Off."

"That's me!" shouted Peter, hopping up and down, and again his grammar passed uncorrected.

"Well, I've heard of fairy tales, and I've heard of treasure hidden in old furniture," said Mother weakly. "Peter, open this envelope as quick as ever you can, or I'll think we're both dreaming!"

Peter's fat fingers drew forth a letter and a smaller sealed envelope. The letter was in such a delicate, clear hand that Peter could read it without hesitation.

"*To the Dear Little Boy* (Mother's eyes followed the lines over Peter's shoulder as he read):—I'm an old lady now, and I've loved this little chair all my life. Before me, it belonged to my mother. I hope I know what little boy will open this letter ("That's me!" Peter interrupted his reading to exclaim), but if it should not fall into his hands, I hope whatever little boy does own it will take care of it, and will enjoy sitting in it, as I did when I was a little girl. So whatever happy little boy, or little girl, though I think it will be a boy ("Course I'm a boy!" from Peter), owns it, will he remember with kindness an old lady who never had a little boy of her own, and will he please open the other envelope and with what is in it, buy whatever he wants most in the world?"

Peter's eyes were round. Mother's eyes were misty.

"How'd she know I'd ever find the letter?" asked Peter, in a voice hushed by the strangeness of it all.

"So that's why she put on carpet and lace!" said Mother. "She knew such a funny combination couldn't stay on long! What a darling, unheard-of way to do it! Open the other letter, Peter. She wanted you to—you, or some other to-be-made-happy child."

"What can be in it, Mother!" Peter's fingers fumbled in their eagerness. "Why, Mother, they're five-dollar bills!" he said, in bewilderment, drawing out of the envelope a roll of money.

In equal bewilderment, Mother took the packet that Peter held out, and counted it. "Fifty dollars!" she gasped.

"Fifty dollars!" repeated Peter, with no comprehension in his voice. Then, flinging his arms around Mother's neck, he shouted, "Hurrah! Now you can have your vacuum cleaner!"

"Vacuum cleaner! Have you forgotten a little boy who has wanted a bicycle longer than I like to think about? Aunt Sarah wasn't thinking about me when she wrote that dear little note! Anyway, a boy on a bicycle will help me, oh, ever so much more than a vacuum cleaner would."

"You're sure?"

"Sure as sure," said Mother. "To think you've been sitting right on your bicycle for days and days, and didn't know it!"

Peter flew for the telephone, and a minute later Father, in his office, heard with vast amazement: "Peter! This is Peter! O Father, Aunt Sarah left me a new bicycle, a man's size,—with a coaster brake, and a stand, and a bell, and a padlock, and everything! What? Oh, Mother and I found it under the carpet and lace on that little old heavy chair! Right between the carpet and the rush seat you remembered when you were a little boy like me!"

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* * *

"YES, WE HAVE NO GRAPEFRUIT"

The new clerk was trained to believe that if you did not have the article demanded by the customer you should try to sell her something else.

A woman came in and asked for grapefruit.

"No, ma'am, we have no grapefruit, but we have grape-nuts, grape-jelly, and grape-juice," was his illuminating reply.—*The Progressive Grocer.*

* * *

THE DORIC WAS GREEK TO HIM

One of the best of many good stories told by Mr. Will Fyffe, the Scottish comedian, concerns a countryman of his who was on his first visit to London. Leaning over Blackfriars Bridge as dusk was falling, he was astounded to see all the lights on the embankment flare up with one accord as if by magic. He walked up to the nearest policeman and said in surprised tones:

"Tell me, mannie, wha' lichted a' the lichties?"

The policeman scratched his head and thought hard. "Beg pardon, sir?" he said at last.

"I was juist askin' ye wha' lichted a' the lichties," repeated the visitor.

The policeman was dumbfounded and at last courtesy fled from his soul. "Garn, yer Portuguese blighter," he ordered sharply. "'Oppit!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Book Reviews

Conducted by Granville Hicks

Any book reviewed in the *Leader* may be obtained by ordering from the Universalist Publishing House.

Century Readings in the Bible

Edited by J. W. Cunliffe and H. M. Battenhouse. The Century Company. $2.85.

When we are considering the value of the Bible we must not forget its literary value. One of the reasons why a knowledge of the Bible is an essential part of every education is the fact that without such a knowledge an understanding of English literature is impossible.

There is value, then, in a book which calls attention to the Bible as literature. The "Century Readings" are designed for school use, and are arranged so as to fall conveniently into two semesters' work. There is no reason, however, why they should not be used in the home or in Sunday schools. The arrangement without division into verses is agreeable and the type and general format are pleasingly fresh. All the really dull passages are omitted, and while some might feel that very valuable sections are unaccountably absent there is plenty to admire.

Certain things about this book we want to commend. Unlike most books of this kind, the version used is the King James, which is right and proper in a book which stresses the Bible as literature. And there is no hashing up of parallel passages into a continuous passage of dubious sense and no literary worth. This purports to be neither the heart nor the soul of the Bible, but a collection of passages of value as literature. The notes and introductions are excellent.

* *

The Social Origins of Christianity

By Shirley Jackson Case. The University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

Sometimes it is hard for us to realize that Christianity did not spring full-fledged into being, and even when we are willing to recognize that there was a process of development we are inclined to believe that that development took place *in vacuo*. Professor Case, who is considered one of the best of American New Testament scholars, seeks in his latest volume to counteract this false impression by tracing the growth of the Christian movement from the death of its founder to the recognition of the Church by Emperor Constantine, early in the fourth century.

By correlating the records of the Church, the history of the Emperor, and the annals of contemporary religious movements, Professor Case is able to give a picture of the relation of the Church to the rest of the Gentile world. We see the Pauline communities more or less as some disinterested Greek of the first century might have seen them. We witness the rapid growth of Christianity in the second and third centuries, and understand why it might well have alarmed Roman statesmen. We observe the transition of the Church from a society founded on a theory of direct inspiration to an organization with established discipline and recognized officers. We come to understand why the Roman Empire, after trying the method of persecution to solve the difficulty caused by Christianity, cut the Gordian knot by uniting Church and State.

Professor Case has undertaken a valuable task. The Christian Church developed in accordance with certain forces which existed both in it and outside it. What these forces were we need to know, both in order to understand the growth of Christianity and in order to perceive how the Church is shaping itself to-day under the pressure of social forces. It has frequently been said that church history is the least interesting study known to man. If this is so it is because church historians have done their best to make the subject deadly dull. There is no study more interesting than history and no branch of history potentially more interesting than that which relates to the Church. Professor Case demonstrates this fact in a book which will help ministers to refresh their knowledge and will give laymen new insight.

* *

Imperialistic Religion and the Religion of Democracy

By William Adams Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Sometimes words become so misused that thinking men abandon them to the demagogues. Often one fears that the word democracy has entered upon this downward course. Not only is it bandied about in political palavering, but it also figures in a great deal of thoughtless writing on industry, education, and religion. It is used to cloak pernicious ideas and no ideas at all.

Generalities are dangerous, however, and one has only to read Professor Brown's book to learn that the term may be used by people who know what they are talking about. He means something when he talks about democracy, and he means something which the term very fairly describes. He asserts that there are three broad types of religion: imperialism, individualism, and democracy. "By imperialism we shall understand a type of religion, the representatives of which believe that they serve God best when they submit to the control of some existing institution whose supremacy in the world they identify with the triumph of God's will. By individualism we shall understand a type of religion whose representatives despair of satisfaction through any existing institution, and find solace in immediate communion between the individual soul and God. By democracy we shall understand a type of religion the representatives of which are convinced that they serve God best when they discover His presence in other persons and unite with them in the progressive realization of the ideal social order which it is God's purpose to establish on earth through the free co-operation of men."

The classification is suggestive. Professor Brown recognizes that it supplements rather than supersedes other classifications. Of course the religion of democracy is his favorite, but he treats the others with fairness and respect, as indeed his democratic principles compel him to do. The book is far more of a contribution to religious thought than a hasty reading might indicate.

* *

The Teaching Work of the Church

The Association Press. $2.00.

"Religious education by most Churches is still regarded as a sort of appendage to their main business." Steps toward remedying this unfortunate condition of affairs are indicated in this, the fifth volume in a series of reports prepared by the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook. Among those who have contributed to it are Prof. Luther Weigle of Yale and Prof. William Adams Brown of Union.

The book considers the relation of religious to secular education, blaming denominationalism for the driving of religious education from the public schools. Week-day religious education as well as the regular work of the Sunday school is discussed. The closing chapter deals with education for the ministry. Since the book concerns itself with broader aspects of the field than are generally considered in works on religious education, it has a real value for all who are interested in the subject.

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The Current Magazines

In the *Century* for September appears an interesting article by W. J. Dawson, entitled "Vulgarizing Religion." It contains some reflections on the poverty of worship in many churches. The noted Italian scholar, Benedetto Croce, contributes a paper, "On Disgust with Politics." W. K. Stewart writes an excellent summary of Spengler's "Downfall of Western Civilization." With no small amount of pessimism Ernest Gruening discusses journalism as a profession.

The *Atlantic Monthly* this month contains another of Gamaliel Bradford's excellent psychographs, this time with William Cowper as the subject. Stuart

(*Continued on page* 30)

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

LITERATURE FOR STATE CONVENTIONS

The W. N. M. A. is always very glad to send literature to State Conventions for the state missionary society, but may it not be possible for some one in authority at each convention to see that the literature is properly packed for return? In so many instances leaflets have been returned to the office of the W. N. M. A. in such a condition that they are absolutely useless for future distribution. In the case of literature for which there is a charge, the loss by careless packing amounts to a fair sum in the course of a year.

Your National Association urges that the state officers co-operate in seeing that this matter is taken care of in the future.

* *

JUNE AND JULY, 1924

At Inman's Chapel with the Kindergarten and Summer School. For eight weeks, such a busy, happy hilltop, chapel and manse porch, every forenoon long, except Saturday. The weather was almost perfect, for the showers would stay away until afternoon.

If "wisdom is ever justified of her children," then is the W. N. M. A. and the Church at large justified of its one summer school in the mountains. The summer of 1924 sees a near approach to the ideals of its founders and teachers. The combination of kindergarten and vacation classes reaching forty children is a great feature in the young life of Pigeon River Valley.

The very efficient and devoted kindergartner and hand work teacher of 1924, Miss Ella Mea Wilson of Ashville, N. C., will give her own report. I bring a few "findings." 1. Appreciation of the hearty co-operation of the parents of the splendid group. Without this, money and help would be as nothing. 2. All gifts of money. 3. The varied equipment, which came, a bit here and a bit there, from different "offerings" of the year and which were saved with an eye to summer. Every crayon, pencil, water color outfit, colored paper, stencil, *modern* school book, etc., found a place. Added to the first year's substantial gifts from Miss Gertrude Whipple and the chairs from the Ladies' Circle at Coburn, N. B., this year's actual equipment bill was a small matter.

A set of "brand new" primers from the D. C. Heath Book Company, a second blackboard from the Charlestown, Mass. Mission Circle, and a "water cooler" from the Southbridge, Mass., C. B. G., are permanent and useful additions.

The display of hand work, sewing and construction work could not easily be excelled. A waste-paper basket for the church and a picture book for Japan at Christmas were among the altruistic by-products.

Fathers' Day on July 27 and Mothers' Day on July 30 brought appreciative people to see and hear. Singing was a feature and supervised play a delight. The lumberyard men near by often paused to watch the classes change places from chapel to porch or to see the playing and the swift response to the calisthenic whistle. A father or uncle passing through would stop to hear the primer class read or to watch the evolutions of long division. A mother would come with baby in arms to see the next "least one" deftly at work "making her book."

Two Clara Barton Guild girls—Hermie Burchfield and Rhonie Allen—gave valuable assistance from time to time. Miss Allen was with us all the time for the last two weeks. The writer gave all her time practically to the furtherance of the school. This was made possible by the understanding help of Miss Wilson on Sundays, in the home and at all times.

Next year? Next year there must be more of the same kind and still more. Three full time teachers, a normal training equipment of at least four benches, besides everything else which may be gathered together in between.

Where are the volunteers and the money that all may be ready on June 1, 1925? Phillips Brooks once said, "He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life can possibly be given again."

Hannah Jewett Powell.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

ARE OPENING SERVICES WORTH WHILE?

"I have decided to do away with our opening services entirely."

These were the words of the superintendent of a school in Denver, Colo., at a meeting of his council, a superintendent whose long practise at the bar has fitted him splendidly for just that facial expression and set of jaw necessary to accompany such a declaration as the above.

"What?" "Listen to that!" "Did you hear those words?" These were the exclamations from the assembled teachers and officers.

"Yes," the superintendent went on, "I have come to the conclusion that they are useless, a waste of time, and hence not at all necessary."

"The very idea!" spoke up a teacher, voicing the sentiment of all. "Of course they are necessary and useful and helpful, and we wouldn't want to try to get along without them."

Others spoke, deprecating the idea of any such move as contemplated by the superintendent.

"Since you drive me to an explanation," remarked the superintendent presently, "I will state just why I have reached this conclusion. I haven't relied upon my own judgment solely. Personally I think the opening exercise worth while, but the way half our teachers and officers and workers come straggling in when the exercises are over, or far advanced, at least led me to surmise that *they* didn't think it a necessary part of our work."

The application of the teaching wasn't necessary. The teachers and officers made it themselves, with the result that they were in their places on time thereafter.—*Charles L. Mason in the Sunday School Worker.*

* *

ON HOLY GROUND

Clara Barton pumped the organ, pumped it with vigor and efficiency—Clara Barton Turner. This charming young lady of sixteen years was born in the same room as her famous forerunner, and possessing the spirit of heroism, appropriately intends to become a nurse and devote her life to human service.

She is one of the little band of faithful Universalists who greet the summer preachers in the historic church at Oxford, Mass. The State Convention does well to keep open for a part of each year this building which bears a sign, "The Oldest Universalist Church in the World." There are some elderly people there who deserve to hear the Gospel preached; and there are some young people, manifestly bright and energetic, who, for aught we know, may include some apostle of the faith.

It is no small privilege to stand within the walls of the room where Hosea Ballou was ordained and to look upon the very pulpit in which the "written Jehovah" was pressed upon his heart. Would we have had a Universalist Church to-day had it not been for Hosea Ballou? Certainly we could hardly have had a Church of such vitality and sound thinking.

As I tried to preach in Oxford I thought of our obligations as heirs in the faith of such men as had hallowed that place. And as I stood, bare-headed, before the sacred mementos at the Clara Barton home, I dared to hope that we of to-day and they of to-morrow might show forth a spirit of sacrifice and devotion worthy of a great custodianship.

The Wanderer.

Young People's Christian Union

Conducted by Granville Hicks

MORE ABOUT EDUCATION

Last week this page discussed the Union program as one of education, taking up various aspects of the question, but leaving the agencies of education for later consideration. It was said, however, that there are two kinds of education, education through doing, and education through study and discussion. These two constantly interweave and can not well be separated. In discussing the various Union departments we shall try to show how they contribute in both ways to the education of the Unioners.

Devotional Meetings

The devotional meeting has long been regarded as the central part of the Y. P. C. U. program. In the early days of Christian Endeavor the devotional meeting possessed the merits of originality. It attracted young people and around it grew up the great organization which now embraces several millions. As a kind of sideshow came the Y. P. C. U., much smaller but reproducing many of the features of the parent organization, including the devotional meeting.

The important place which the devotional meeting originally held it still possesses in theory, but there have been many attempts to make alterations. Some few people have wanted to abolish the devotional meeting altogether. Many people have sought to improve it. The growing interest in other departments has threatened the pre-eminence of the Sunday evening gathering. Nevertheless, the devotional meeting remains of great importance, and whether one likes the fact or not one has to recognize that no adequate substitute has been proposed.

Two elements exist in the devotional meeting, one the element of devotion, the other the element of discussion. Each meeting has its devotional service, but it also has a topic for discussion. It sometimes seems that the second element is being over-emphasized, and it is true that some people think the devotional meetings would be better if they partook more largely of the nature of the forum. In many places there has been a defection from the ranks of the Christian Endeavor by groups which have organized independently for the purpose of carrying on discussion. The same sentiment, while it has not brought a split in Y. P. C. U. ranks, has determined the nature of some Unions, which have become more like discussion groups, and it is also quite probable that a desire for the discussion group type has kept many individuals from joining the Union.

All this has led to some questioning of the name, devotional meeting. It hardly seems accurate. On the other hand, however, there are many people, both young and a little bit older, who believe that the element of worship is intensely valuable, but they see that in many Unions a dull routine or a careless preparation or an irreverent leader makes true worship almost impossible. They argue that our need is not to eliminate the devotional element but to improve it.

Judged from the standpoint of education, not because that is the only standpoint but because it is the one we are considering, what are the merits of the two sides? Clearly there may be great educational value in the Sunday evening discussions. They have a broadening effect and they stimulate thought and study. The leading of a discussion is good training through doing. On the other hand, who can deny that if there is one need which young people have it is the need for training in the art of worship? Our churches are poor enough now; what will they become when they are filled with people whose idea of a church service is an open forum? If the devotional meeting can be made to furnish education in the art of worship, it will be rendering a valuable service to the church.

At present the devotional meeting is seldom wholly successful in either of its branches. Worship services are many times lacking in even the rudiments of true worship. Discussions are often weak, ill-informed, insipid. If the devotional meeting is to continue in its position of central importance, there must be a strong effort to improve it in both directions. Only thus can it have the educational value it should have.

Our Mission Program

The missionary program of the Y. P. C. U. presents a clear-cut example of the two kinds of education. Under the Department of Missionary Education are carried on activities which deserve that title. The superintendent seeks to have a mission study class in each Union. Certain Sundays throughout the year are devoted to mission topics. Special information is disseminated. This is education in the ordinary use of the term. Last year Unioners studied about Japan; this year they study about China. There are interesting books to read, well devised to create arguments and to encourage further investigation. Here we have the regular paraphernalia of education.

The other side of the shield is the Legion of the Cross, through which Unioners contribute to the support of missionaries in Texas and Japan. A carefully devised system attempts to bring forth the largest possible contributions. Thus the Legion of the Cross and the department of education complement each other, one providing education through study, the other education through action. It may be said that the second method is finding increasing favor in pedagogical circles. In the Y. P. C. U. a reflection of that sentiment is the demand for "something to do."

Together these two departments are accomplishing a very important work. The activity of the Union in Texas arouses the Unioners to an interest in the denomination and in its growth. The work in Japan affords a lesson in international fellowship and helps to make concrete the doctrine of universal brotherhood which underlies the books of mission study.

Other Departments

Other departments fit into the same scheme. The newly created Department of Social Welfare aims to provide education through doing. The Department of Recreation will offer both kinds of education in play. Conventions and institutes have great educational value. *Onward* plays its part in the educational scheme of things. All the departments and the entire activity of the Y. P. C. U. can be regarded as educational.

For the Quiet Hour

Great battles are really won before they are actually fought. To control our passions, we must govern our habits and keep watch over ourselves in the small details of everyday life.

Sir John Lubbock.

Let us prepare for the unexpected. In certain worldly callings we observe an order of intellect that deals promptly and effectively with the unexpected. In mid-ocean, when the passengers are thrown into panic by sudden accident, the captain remains calm and confident, giving orders with perfect self-possession. . . . Somewhat thus should we anticipate the contingencies of life; cultivating a presence of mind and heart for the unknown that excludes panic and disarms peril.

W. L. Watkinson.

So, if the *now* seem cruel and hard,
Endure it with thoughts of the *afterward;*
And be sure that each task that is clearly set,
Is to brace thee for other tasks harder yet.
Train the stout muscles of the will
In the daily grapple with daily ill,
Till, strong to wrestle and firm to abide,
Thou shalt smile at the turbulent Jordan-tide.

Susan Coolidge.

There is no sure road to invariable right opinions, acts and words save the road of habit. No man can be sure of thinking, acting and speaking right at any one time who is not in the habit of doing it at all times, and the only way to attain the habit is not to err in the act.

Robert E. Speer.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONALS

Rev. Henry R. Rose, D. D., has been invited by the Macmillan Company of New York to read and pass upon the religious manuscripts offered to them for publication.

California

Riverside.—Rev. W. C. Selleck, pastor. An addition to the west end of the chapel is being built, which will provide a new kitchen, coat lobby, lavatories, an office for the pastor, and a fine, beautiful balcony, about twenty feet square, for the youngest children of the Sunday school. The total cost will be about $5,000, two-thirds of which is already provided for. It is expected that it will be completed by the first of November.

Illinois

Chicago, St. Paul's.—Rev. L. Ward Brigham, D.D., pastor. Rev. Fred A. Line, of Tulsa, Okla., has served as pastor of St. Paul's-on-the-Midway during Dr. Brigham's vacation period. The church attendance has been good, and many couples have presented themselves to be joined together. It has also been Mr. Line's duty to officiate at several funerals, among which may be mentioned those of Mrs. Jennie Spicer and Mrs. A. H. Robinson, both old and faithful members of this church. On the last Sunday of Dr. Brigham's absence the pulpit was filled by Miss Helen E. Line, daughter of Rev. F. A. Line. Dr. Brigham will again occupy the pulpit on Sept. 7.

Michigan

Concord.—Rev. William Couden, pastor. Two of our loyal members have been called into the immortal life this season, Mrs. Lurana Ray Chapple and Mrs. Manda J. Halsted. The body of ex-Senator Charles E. Townsend was brought to this place, his native town, for burial August 7, and his funeral was held in our church, of which Mr. Townsend's first wife had been a member. Rev. William Conden, a life-long friend, officiated, and many notable men and women prominent in national affairs were attendants.

Horton.—Two little ones were christened at the service held Aug. 17. There are bright prospects of the gift of a bell for the church tower in the near future. This parish is always busy and loyal.

Liberty.—The Rev. William Couden of Concord held a service with this church. Aug. 10, and administered holy communion. Six excellent new members were received into the church and five little ones were christened. The social organizations of the church held a successful fair early in the season and cleared a neat sum for the treasury.

New York

South Hartford.—Rev. Hal T. Kearns, of Baltimore, Md., concluded a splendid series of summer services in our church on Sunday, Aug. 24. The attendance has been unusually good this season. This is the fifth summer that Mr. Kearns has been with us. We look forward to his coming each year.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1924

Previously reported	1,821
Liberty, Mich.	6
Total	1,827

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CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 745. Horton, Mich., 2. Murray Grove, N. J., 2. Liberty, Mich., 5. Total, 754.

* *

SPECIAL UNION MINISTERS MEETING

Under the auspices of the Greater Boston and Massachusetts Federations of Churches, in the Church of the New Jerusalem, 136 Bowdoin St., Monday, Sept. 8, 11 a. m., to be addressed by Rev. Worth M. Tippy, D. D., executive secretary of the Federal Council's Commission on Social Service, with special reference to the Child Labor Amendment, to come before the voters of Massachusetts, Nov. 4. Following this there will be a luncheon, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Committee on Ratification of the Child Labor Amendment, at Gilbert Hall, Tremont Temple, 1 p. m., addressed by representatives of Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant Churches and the Federation of Labor.

* *

THE CHURCH BULLETIN BOARD

In the *Homiletic Review* for September is an article on the use of the church Bulletin Board. Many ministers and churches will find helpful suggestions in it. Those who do not have this equipment will want it; those who already have it will be prompted to make more efficient use of it.

One worth-while point the writer of the article did not mention. That is the possibility of making the Bulletin Board lead up, in the sentiments it carries, to the Friday morning announcement of the sermon theme. While it is true that strangers are constantly passing and observing what is there displayed, it is nevertheless a fact that in a large city literally thousands of people pass the sign daily, morning and evening, and get the habit of reading it. The idea of giving these "regular fans" a connected message each week, culminating in the sermon announcement, is worth thinking about. In many instances new persons have been brought into the congregation in this way. Indeed, here is involved one of the most important elements in any kind of advertising.

There comes to mind just now a certain church in a city of more than a million people that uses this device almost constantly. The Board is cleared the first thing Monday morning, and the first message of the week is spread upon it. This is changed on Wednesday; and on Friday the Sunday announcement is displayed. Two sets of such messages will serve to illustrate.

Monday:

The TRUTH that is writ in THE BIBLE
was first PERCEIVED
in the
HUMAN HEART.

Wednesday:

LIVING TRUTH, proved by
EXPERIENCE
and REDUCED TO WRITING is
SACRED SCRIPTURE.
Have YOU written any?

Friday:

Sunday at 10:30:
"The REDISCOVERY of the BIBLE."

Monday:

Wrong-doing Makes HELL.
In common language, CONSEQUENCES.

Wednesday:

What is HELL?
A Tortured Conscience
Pain of Mind and Body
ALL
The Result of Evil-Doing

Friday:

Sunday at 10:30:
"The REDISCOVERY of HELL."

It is perhaps needless to add that the minister must give this his personal attention, even if some one else does the work of changing the signs.

F. D. A.

* *

A WEEK AT MURRAY GROVE

All good Universalists should visit Murray Grove, and, once there, one is sure to wish to go again.

The Murray Grove Association, of which Mr. Walter Gabell of Philadelphia is president, is continually making improvements. This year it was the electric lighting of the chapel, and the avenue to the Ballou House. There was a new motor bus to meet the trains, and to take parties on various outings.

A wonderful program was arranged for this season.

Rev. Helene Ulrich is the resident pastor.

One week was given to the Women's Missionary Institute. Mrs. Ethel M.

Allen, the national president, was present. Miss Hazel I. Kirk, returned from Japan, was the speaker.

Dr. Wm. H. McGlauflin preached on July 27. The Sunday School Institute was in charge of Dr. Geo. E. Huntley.

The annual Birthday Party was a happy and successful occasion.

The writer chose the sixth week for a visit. We were made comfortable in every way at the Murray Grove House. The meals were of the best home cooking and well served. The weather was fine, and *no mosquitoes* troubled us, even in our walks in the woods.

Arriving on Saturday, Aug. 16, we found the annual fair in full swing. The Ballou House, headquarters of the Y. P. C. U., where the Misses Hattie and Annie Miller of Valley Stream, N. Y., are the hostesses, was tastefully decorated. There was an abundance of useful and fancy articles for sale. There were three fortune tellers. Mary of our dimes were slipped into the duck's mouth, and with much quacking we received in return a mysterious package, containing some useful little article. The committee, under the direction of Miss Ida E. Smith of Scranton, rejoiced in the results, the proceeds being over $1,300.

Then came the "Festival of Sermons." Two services every day, but with such good speakers, such a wealth of strong messages and inspiring thoughts, that we were glad to attend every service. The speakers were Dr. John Smith Lowe, General Superintendent, Dr. L. Ward Brigham of Chicago, Dr. Arthur Wilder Grose of Brooklyn, Rev. C. Guy Robbins of Lawrence, Mass., Rev. Chas. H. Pennoyer, Dr. Harold Marshall of the Publishing House and Rev. Roger Etz, Secretary of the General Convention, from Boston. Rev. R. R. Hadley of Providence made the final address on Thursday evening. All services were held in the chapel, except on Sunday evening, when a sudden storm prevented us from leaving the hotel, but Dr. S. G. Ayres, recently returned missionary from Japan, spoke so earnestly and well that we did not mind the thunder and lightning outside.

The annual memorial service was held in the old church on the afternoon of Aug. 17. Drs. Grose, Brigham and Ayres took part. Communion was served, Mr. Albert E. Snow of Brooklyn and Mr. Jas. B. Knapp acting as deacons. Following the service, the audience marched out, singing. Young girls carried wreaths, and all were given wild flowers to strew upon the graves. There was a brief service at the grave of Thomas Potter, and at that of Rev. Francis Barnes in the old cemetery. Then all walked to our own plot, where at the graves of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Bisbee, with Dr. Brigham leading, our simple and loving service ended.

And with all this, upon one evening, as we returned from the chapel, we were given a "surprise" entertainment. Dr. Alexander Cairns of Newark, N. J., was present, and recited poem after poem. He is a friend of Dr. Henry Nehemiah Dodge, and besides selections from the well known authors, he gave several of Dr. Dodge's poems and some of his own compositions.

The writer's week included a second Sunday worthy of note, because after the interesting sermon by Dr. Francis A. Grey of Philadelphia in the old church, Miss Ulrich christened two children. One of them was Dorothy Frances Bergen, who, with her mother and aunt, has been at the Murray Grove House all summer. They are from Hightstown, N. J. The other child was a sixteen-months-old boy named Milton Christy Walker, from New Brunswick, N. J. His parents and grandparents were present.

But it was not all sermons or religious services. There was time for long automobile excursions to Atlantic City, fifty miles away, to Barnegat Light, twenty-five miles, and to Lakehurst, fifteen miles, the home of the "Shenandoah." There were swimming parties and sails on the Bay. There were card parties and dances for the young people at the Ballou House. And young and old enjoyed the costume party there one Friday evening.

Where could our Universalist people find a pleasanter place to gather, to meet old friends, and spend a happy vacation?

Lois Endicott Snow.

* *

BOOK REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 26)

Sherman, sprightly critic and defender of things American, reintroduces Cornelia, who this time discusses with him the subject of eligible young men. On the question of American imperialism Sumner Welles sheds some interesting light, maintaining that the United States is not imperialistic and that the majority of South Americans do not fear us. To the age-old debate on the individual and society Ludwig Stein adds his views in an article called "Anarchy or Order." An anonymous writer presents some shrewd comments on college education under the title, "Ferguson—Rex."

Those who are interested in politics will find articles on the parties and their candidates in *Current Opinion*, *Current History*, the *American Review of Reviews*, and the *World's Work*.

Alva Taylor, writing in the *Christian Century* for August 28, chronicles the further developments of the Nash plan in an article which will be of special interest to Universalists.

Notices

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION

The ninety-ninth annual session of the New York State Convention of Universalists will be held in the First Universalist Church, Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 7, 8 and 9, for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before this body.

G. D. Walker, Secretary.

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Sept. 23-25. Pennsylvania State Convention. Girard.

Sept. 23-24. Maine State Convention. Gardiner.

Oct. 1-2. Minnesota State Convention. St. Paul.

Oct. 3-5. Indiana State Convention. Indianapolis.

Oct. 7-9. New York State Convention. Rochester.

* *

MAINE UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The ninety-sixth annual session of the Maine Universalist Convention will be held in the Universalist Church in Gardiner, Maine, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 23 and 24, 1924. This meeting is held for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and transacting such other business as may legally come before it.

The Maine State Y. P. C. U. will hold its annual convention Monday afternoon and evening, Sept. 22; the State Sunday School Association on Monday evening and Tuesday morning; the State Women's Universalist Missionary Society on Tuesday afternoon; and the closing session of the entire gathering will be the Comrades' banquet on Wednesday evening.

Stanley Manning, Secretary.

* *

UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION OF MINNESOTA

Notice is hereby given that the fifty-ninth annual session of the Universalist Convention of Minnesota will be held at the St. Paul Universalist Church, St. Paul, Minnesota, Oct. 1 and 2, for the election of officers, reports, etc., and any such business that may come before the Convention.

Thomas J. Farmer, Secretary.

* *

INDIANA STATE CONVENTION

The seventy-seventh annual session of the Universalist Convention of Indiana will be held in Central Universalist Church, Indianapolis, Oct. 3, 4 and 5, beginning at 1 p. m. Thursday, for the hearing of reports, election of officers, and the transaction of such business as may legally come before it.

Pearl M. Mock, Secretary.

* *

NOTICE

The Corresponding Secretary of the Women's National Missionary Association calls attention to the fact that her books close Sept. 15. Kindly send all money to be credited to the year 1923 and 1924 before this date. Questionnaires must be sent in also. But three have been received to date.

Susan S. Bishop.

849 *Myrtle Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.*

* *

OHIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

A letter of transfer to Massachusetts has been granted Rev. Isaac V. Lobdell.

Sara L. Stoner, Secretary.

* *

CALIFORNIA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. George A. Miller has been received by transfer from the Kansas Convention.

Frank L. Masseck, Secretary.

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Crackling

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Becker, a few days ago. The mother is she that was Marion Hayes of this village.

Eugene Smith and wife, of Sharon Springs, expect to start for Florida in a few days. Mrs. Smith will be remembered as she that was Effie Groat before her marriage.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Gittings a few days ago. Mrs. Gittings will be remembered here as she that was Miss Rachael Ryder.—*Richmondville, N. Y., Phoenix.*

The chorus will now sing that old familiar strain, "She ain't what she used to was."—*Exchange.*

* *

A Chinese applicant for a job wrote as follows: "Sir—I am Wong. I can drive a typewriter with good noise and my English is great. My last job has left itself from me, for the good reason that the large man is dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So honorable sir, what about it. If I can be of use to you I will arrive on some date that you should guess."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

A Houston road-sign painter suggests the following signs for railroad crossings:

"Come ahead. You're unimportant."

"Try our engines. They satisfy."

"Don't stop. Nobody will miss you."

"Take a chance. You can get hit by a train only once."—*Houston Post.*

* *

A well-known firm in New York City addressed a letter to "Christian & Devil World, Philadelphia, Penn.," and the sagacious United States Post-Office delivered it at our office in Boston. It was meant for us, too.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

* *

First Locomotive: "Any luck at crossings to-day?"

Second Locomotive (panting from long run): "Just fair. Caught two flivvers and a dandy truck, but two big touring cars got away."—*Epworth Herald.*

* *

"My brother takes up Spanish, French, Italian, Hebrew, German and Scotch."

"Goodness, where does he study?"

"Study? He doesn't study. He runs an elevator."—*Voodoo.*

* *

Dub: "I'm going to marry a girl who can take a joke."

Kay: "Don't worry; that's the only kind of a girl you'll get."—*New York Daily News.*

* *

He: "Do you like Kipling?"

She: "Why—I don't know. How do you Kipple?"—*Epworth Herald.*

* *

A jazz band is a group of citizens who are paid for playing static.—*Detroit Times.*

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